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July 27th
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DRAWN BY HENRY HUTT.

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The WEEK

AT ONE TIME DURING THE WEEK THE FARMERS and merchants of the Southwestern States were threatened with a great calamity in the destruction of the corn crop by hot winds. The actual damage was not as severe as the speculators on the Chicago Board of Trade and the New York Stock Exchange believed, for corn is a hardy, out-of-door plant after all and is used to the assaults of the climate. But it has had a late growth this year, and its condition was such as to arouse general apprehension. Prayers for rain were offered up in many churches, and the Governor of Missouri, Mr. Dockery, was persuaded to officially declare a day of general supplication. Relief came in welcome and widespread thunderstorms in the very nick of time. Another week of drought might have blighted the crop beyond repair. The extent of the damage already done cannot be accurately determined. The yield will probably be less than that of last year, although there is ground in the history of crop scares, especially the one about wheat a year ago, to hope for the best. In any case, there is always a good deal of corn—enough to go around in this country and a little to send to our friends abroad.

STRIKES ARE INVARIALE SYMPTOMS OF THE hot weather. Labor in the withering heat of steel mills during such fervid periods as the whole country has experienced for a month does not tend to dispose of a man pleasantly to his employers, and there was especial ground for expecting trouble in a summer following an unusually busy season, when the men have money enough to support them for a term of idleness. At least this is the opinion of some of the manufacturers. Whatever the reason may be, workmen to the number of hundreds of thousands are "out." Employees of the sheet steel mills of the "billion-dollar trust" have gone on strike in Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana because of the refusal of the companies to sign the union scale in non-union mills; firemen in the anthracite mines followed their example, and scores of smaller strikes are reported in many States, giving proof of general unrest in what are called labor circles. The steel strike is the most formidable of the many disputes, and it looks all the more serious because its beginning is in that industrial storm centre in Western Pennsylvania that has been the scene of so many bloody battles between mill owners and strikers. The customary demand for arbitration has gone up from the newspapers and, as always happens, a number of public-spirited gentlemen have gallantly extended their services to settle the dispute. Thus far these unselfish offers have been received coldly. Each party claims that it is fighting for self-preservation, and the public, upon which these quarrels inflict inconvenience and loss, cannot raise a hand to preserve itself. The daily newspaper statisticians give the number of men affected as 51,500 and the weekly loss in wages as \$1,236,600. That is a small item compared with the inconvenience and loss inflicted generally upon people who have no more recourse than the peasant whose farm is chosen as a battlefield.

LET US HOPE FOR THE SAKE OF THE GOOD NAME of England that "Ouida" has carried her professional habit into her letter declaring that the British Government has imprisoned Olive Schreiner "within a fence of wire netting," that she is not permitted to have lights at night, and that sentries are stationed at the gate with orders to shoot her down if she emerges. "Ralph Iron" has been a persistent and at times an irritating opponent of British rule in South Africa, and those who know her capacity as a writer and her zeal as an Afrikaner will not be surprised to hear that she is appreciated as a dangerous enemy. But it is hardly conceivable that the bitterness and irritation that have displayed themselves recently in London would go to the extent of inflicting unnecessary hardship on a brilliant and patriotic woman. We recall that Lord Palmerston suspended social intercourse with the Minister of the United States to London because of a reported order of General Butler's concerning the women of New Orleans. Have English notions of the proprieties of warfare undergone a change? The British generally sympathized with our indignation over General Weyler's concentration order, but there are now 85,000 persons, including 43,000 children, in British concentration camps in South Africa. The annual death rate in these camps, based on the report for June, would be 100 in 1,000, and Lord Raglan in the House of Lords spoke as if June were a fairly good month!

THE PLATFORM OF THE OHIO DEMOCRATIC CON- vention did not please Mr. Bryan, and he has said so. But there are portents that this is the first of many demonstrations on the part of Western Democrats of a purpose to cast off allegiance to the Nebraska leader and free silver. Charles A. Towne, at one time a Congressman from Minnesota, and later for a few days Senator by the Governor's appointment, who left the Republican party and sacrificed his political ambitions because of his belief in free silver, says: "The issue is absolutely dead in the West." Mr. Towne thinks there is now no reason for the free coinage of silver because "there is plenty of money in the country." This may be merely another way of saying there is more money in the neighborhood of Mr. Towne than there was, for the gentleman from "the horizon city of the unsalted sea" has abandoned practical politics for the profitable conduct of a company that is taking oil out of the ground in Texas. At all events, his observation regarding the position of the Democratic party appears to be accurate. It has grown cold toward free silver. "The feeling among Democrats in the West is that they want to win."

THE CHICAGO UNIVERSITY MAY BE CRAMPED IN its study of political economy by Mr. Rockefeller's millions, but its ventures in other domains do not lack briskness and originality. One of its faculty is reported to have said that "fine novels are better than hymnals from a literary point of view," and that neither theology nor orthodoxy is "congenial to true poetry or literature." We suppose he knows, and we shall try to forget Milton. Another teacher in this seminary has developed the theory "that the American people in their physical characteristics are becoming more and more like Indians every day, and the only thing that prevents the people of the United States from being exactly similar to the nomadic tribes of Indians in facial characteristics is the intermarriage between residents of this country and immigrants from foreign lands." We confess that our observation has not been keen enough to detect the change; but, again, we suppose the professor knows. Anthropological discoveries like Professor Starr's and literary criticisms like Professor Trigg's make it possible for us to hurl back the taunt of Europeans that we have achieved no excellence in the arts and sciences.

THERE HAVE BEEN SO MANY INTERNATIONAL marriages that an international bigamy case was to be expected in the due course of events. Earl Russell, the English nobleman who was the central figure in an unusual scene in the House of Lords the other day, is a grandson of the Lord John whose lot it was sometime to be at variance with the government at Washington. The Earl, who is not a statesman but a chemist, married an American wife, under the unconventional forms of Nevada. He had been divorced, but not entirely freed, from a wife in England, and when he returned to London with his American bride and an American automobile, he was accused of bigamy. The preliminary hearing took place in a police court, but the earl was tried by his peers. He pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to serve three months in Holloway jail as a first-class misdemeanant. This does not mean very great hardship. First-class misdemeanants are treated with all the consideration due first-class persons in jail or at large. Sir John Willoughby and the other Jameson raiders and Mr. W. T. Stead were first-class misdemeanants. Earl Russell took his punishment meekly, only protesting that he had not intended a breach of the laws.

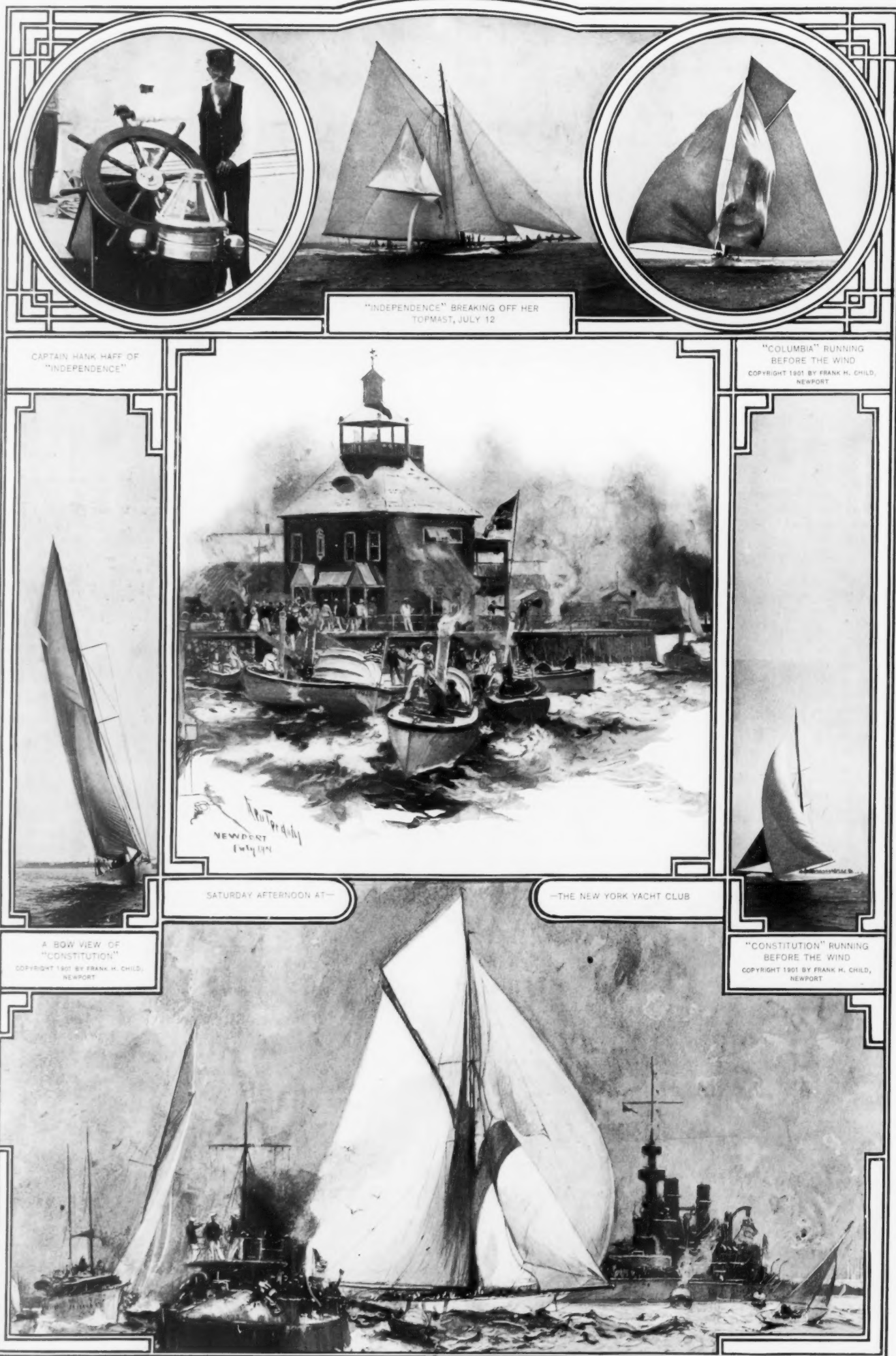
THE SCHLEY CONTROVERSY HAS BEEN REVIVED in an embittered form by the discovery that a text-book which was to have been read next year at the Naval Academy denounces the Admiral in terms that are not often used about officers and gentlemen or by them. This history of the Spanish war, by Mr. Maclay, says: "Admiral Schley's report about the coal supply exhibited either a timidity amounting to cowardice or a perversion of facts that were intrinsically falsehoods." Of the despatch of May 28, the historian says: "Viewed in whatever light it may be, the foregoing despatch cannot be characterized otherwise than as being, without exception, the most humiliating, cowardly and lamentable report ever penned by an American officer." It is said that these comments must be withdrawn before the history can be used at Annapolis. But the question instantly suggests itself: How did it happen that the professors and the superintendent of the Naval Academy accepted such an unreasoning and intemperate assault on one of the principal officers of the navy as fit instruction for young men who are soon to serve under him? That is the point, and it is a serious one for the consideration

of the Secretary of the Navy. Whatever opinion Mr. Maclay may hold of Admiral Schley's conduct at Santiago, it is evidently not indorsed by Congress, the President, or the head of the Navy Department.

A CONNECTICUT JUDGE HAS GONE A STEP BEYOND the Western courts that began the enjoining of strikers from interference with non-union workmen which led up to the fight between Debs and the courts. He has included "persuasion" with threats, violence and intimidation as offences against the dignity of the court, and strikers who argued with a non-union man are to be tried for contempt. The injunction cuts off the last means at the disposal of strikers to enforce their demands by active agencies, for if the union men cannot even talk to non-union men, it is plain that they can do nothing to prevent them from taking the places vacated by the strikers. A good many people in Connecticut seem to think this injunction approaches dangerously near an abridgment of free speech. It is a fact that the tendency of the courts is in the direction of a curtailment of all the rights of union men except the single right of striking, and it is not certain that this right, also, is not in danger. If it is illegal to persuade non-union men from taking places left by union men, why could it not be made illegal for a majority in a union to induce a minority to join them in a strike? What is to prevent some enterprising employer from taking out an injunction to prevent a contemplated strike? Something very near that sort of restraint of freedom of action seemed to be in the mind of Judge Jenkins of Milwaukee a few years ago.

THE DEPLORABLE CONDITION TO WHICH THE Boer army has been reduced is revealed by letters found among the belongings of President Steyn of the Orange Free State when General Broadwood surprised his camp. On May 10 a meeting took place between members of the Transvaal Government and Commandants Botha and Viljoen and General Smuts. The conferees drew up a despatch to President Steyn of the Orange Free State, declaring that the supply of ammunition is nearly exhausted, there is hardly enough food to feed the soldiers, and the burghers are surrendering in such numbers as to hopelessly weaken the army. The letter concludes with the demand that a messenger be sent to President Kruger to point out the terrible condition of the army, or, as an alternative, that an armistice be asked. Steyn's reply was characteristic of this remarkable man. He called on the burghers to place their trust in God, declared there was a possibility of European intervention, and pointed out that the Free State, and not the Transvaal, was the heaviest sufferer from the war. It seems that the messenger was sent to President Kruger, and his response must have been encouraging, for the Boers have been active in the field since the date of the council. But if their condition is as bad as the letter to President Steyn indicates, the great struggle for freedom in South Africa is rapidly nearing its close. It is worthy of attention that President Steyn, who in the beginning of the war was regarded by the English public men as a weak and emotional character, is the last to desert his guns after a fight which has cost him everything worth keeping in this world.

THE TIMID SOULS THAT HAVE FEARED FOR THE results of the Senate's interference with the Hay-Pauncefote treaty will be glad to know that an arrangement between this government and the government of Great Britain that will be satisfactory to both is promised by the British Ambassador. Lord Pauncefote said the other day: "We are now in the midst of the negotiations which, although they have not yet reached any tangible result, show good promise. Naturally I may not disclose the details, but I may say that when I return to the United States at the end of October I hope to take with me a Nicaragua treaty that will meet the views of both President McKinley and the British Cabinet. It goes without saying that the President has made himself cognizant of the opinions of the Senate and the Secretary of State. . . . You may be sure that whatever is agreed upon between the two governments will meet with the approval of the Senate." If this means anything it must mean unrestricted American control of the canal, for it is to this that the Senate is practically bound by its record. But it would be unsafe to predict too enthusiastically the position the Senate will take when the amended treaty is submitted. It is an erratic body of statesmen, and if there is one thing more than another in which it loves to indulge a propensity for mischief-making it is a treaty with Great Britain.

CAPTAIN HANK HAFF OF
"INDEPENDENCE""INDEPENDENCE" BREAKING OFF HER
TOPMAST, JULY 12"COLUMBIA" RUNNING
BEFORE THE WIND
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SATURDAY AFTERNOON AT—

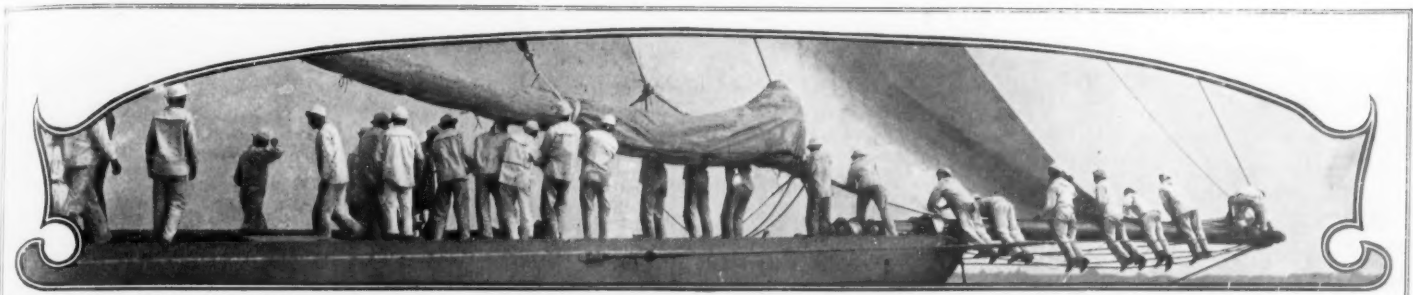
—THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB

"CONSTITUTION" RUNNING
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"CONSTITUTION" "TUNING UP" PREPARATORY TO HER RACE WITH "COLUMBIA" AND "INDEPENDENCE"

THE FOURTH AND LAST INFORMAL TRIAL RACE OF THE CUP DEFENDERS OFF NEWPORT

(SEE OPPOSITE PAGE)



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THE RACES FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP

By JOHN R. SPEARS, Author of "The History of Our Navy," Etc., Etc.

ALTHOUGH the yacht races for the America's Cup have already furnished more stirring stories than any other sporting event known to the history of the United States, the most notable year in the history of that most famous trophy is now upon us.

For those who know something of yachting the interest was strong from the day when Sir Thomas Lipton issued his challenge. For Sir Thomas has shown himself a business man worthy to stand beside the greatest of our self-made Americans, while his bearing throughout the races of two years ago won for him the warmest admiration of all yachtsmen. To have him try for the Cup, once more, was to ensure a series of races typical of this the cleanest, sweetest and most beautiful sport known to man.

THE NEW CHALLENGER

And then there was the question of ships. That something better than any ever built in Great Britain would be sent over was (and is) a matter of course. But just how the new challenger was to differ from the old was a question that roused a curiosity that cannot be satisfied until she is seen untrammelled in an Erie Basin drydock. Watson, a designer who had already built three challengers, was employed, and he drew her lines only after a prolonged series of experiments with models which he towed through a tank of water. His experiments were made on a system that has been approved by naval architects for nearly a century, and it is certain that the improvements in the shape of the new challenger are due to this expensive kind of experiment. And the word improvement is used advisedly; for while the old *Shamrock* did beat the new one in the earlier trials, it is now demonstrated beyond question that the new boat is not only swifter than the old but that she is swift enough to be a worthy match for the American defender. For it must not be forgotten that the old *Shamrock* did not race for the Cup at her best. Her designer would not allow her to be tried often enough before the races to get her more than half tuned up at best. Even after the loss of her gaff gave him warning that defects were to be found aloft, he still kept her at anchor under Sandy Hook, and that, too, in most favorable weather. *Columbia* was the faster boat by several minutes, but not really as much faster as the records of the two races show. If by any misfortune we are obliged to depend on old *Columbia* to defend the Cup, Sir Thomas may not come in vain.

ARE DISASTERS CAUSED BY PROVIDENCE OR BUILDERS?

But speaking of misfortune brings us to one of the most remarkable features of this year's preparations for the international races. The accidents to the big boats, when rightly considered, have been something appalling. The challenger, on May 9, while in a trial race, was struck by a puff of wind and away went her topsail yard and her hollow steel gaff. It was a serious accident, but worse was to follow. On May 22, while racing with *Shamrock II* and *Sylarita*, at the Solent, with King Edward on board, a bit of a squall struck the new boat and swept her deck, tumbling mast and rigging into the sea. No one was hurt, but the international races, that had been scheduled to begin on August 20, had to be postponed for a month to give the challenger time to refit and try out his new rig.

Less than two weeks later (June 4), the new Herreshoff boat *Constitution*, designed to outstrip the old *Columbia*, was stretching her sails off the Breton Reef lightship. It was a fine day for yachting; there was no excess of wind or sea, nor any other visible cause of disaster, but, without warning, the lower starboard spreader gave way under the strain, the topmast broke off and then away went the mainmast. *Constitution* was left almost as much of a wreck as *Shamrock*. And that is not all the story of disasters, but it is enough to emphasize the assertion that in this year's races every spectator who knows anything about yachts will be continually in a most nervous state of mind for fear that something will break aloft. It is more than likely that one or the other contestant will be disabled. It is quite possible that the Cup will be lost or saved by accidents that cannot be foreseen now or prevented. In no previous series of races for the Cup has the probability of fatal accidents been so great.

THE ROW OVER THE LAWSON BOAT "INDEPENDENCE"

Meantime the Yankee yachtsmen have had one source of interest in the races that is unique in more ways than one. Patriotic members of the New York Yacht Club subscribed enough money to build a new Herreshoff boat for a Cup defender, and then Mr. Thomas W. Lawson, a Boston man of large means, announced that he, too, would build a 90-footer to compete with the Herreshoff creation for the honor of defending the Cup. The turmoil caused by Mr. Lawson and his ship still roils the yachting waters as they were never roiled before. Two features of this trouble must be mentioned. One of them was entirely personal to Mr. Lawson.

In other years, when a challenge had been accepted, the New York Yacht Club had invited all other American yacht clubs to compete for the honor of defending the Cup by building racers, but when Mr. Lawson offered his boat for entry in the trial races his offer was refused on the following ground: If they accepted Mr. Lawson and his yacht for the defender in the races which they must supervise, they would be by that act placed in the position of sponsor for Mr. Lawson. This they felt unable to agree to.

Immediately a fierce discussion arose. Had the New York Yacht Club a right to say whom it would back or had it not? That is a question that is still discussed with heat more or less ardent.

SCOWS vs. CLIPPERS

The character of the boat built for Mr. Lawson added to the intense interest awakened by the personal discussion. Mr. B. B. Crowninshield, a designer who had won fame with small boats of a peculiar character, turned out what is really a 90-foot scow. She has a flat bottom, and this flat bottom extends up aft at an angle that carries it far over the water before the taffrail is reached. And what is more remarkable still, the flat bottom comes up forward like the bottom of a toboggan, if one may go to extremes for the sake of illustration. The bow tapers to a point, and the bottom joins the side, not by a right angle, as in the merchant scow, but by a curve instead. Still, it is accurately descriptive to say that *Independence*, as Mr. Lawson's boat is called, is flat-bottomed and flat-sided, and that the flatness extends far out over the water at each end.

Now, scows like this that were but twenty-one feet long on the water line have swept the cups from every other model of that size in recent years, so it came to pass that no one could tell what *Independence* would do under any circumstances, until four races were held off Newport during the week ending July 13. These races were arranged by members of the New York Yacht Club in order to give Mr. Lawson's boat a chance, although they organized the Newport Yacht Racing Association to do it. The New York Yacht Club was anxious to know what the scow could do, even if it would not in any way give formal recognition to her owner.

"INDEPENDENCE" WILL PROBABLY COMPETE

It is but fair to say that, although four races were held, and *Independence* was beaten, the matter has not yet been finally settled. In two light-wind races the scow model was defeated by the hour. In the last race, wherein the breeze travelled at fifteen knots an hour, and the sea was smooth, it appeared that *Independence* had conditions for which her model was especially fitted, but within two minutes after she had crossed the line a preventer stay gave way, and her topmast was broken short off, thus depriving her of a jib-topsail and a club-topsail, two very important sails. Worse yet, the club-topsail got into the water and dragged like a sea-anchor for several minutes, after which *Independence* was brought into the wind, and held there for several minutes more, in order to clear away the wreck. For reasons not necessary to give here, it is not entirely certain that *Independence* would have won had she carried her sails, but it seems likely that she would have done so. Her owner and designer and crew are enthusiastic in their assertions that she would have won, and that with some alterations, such as removing ballast to lighten her up, she can yet prove herself swifter than either of the Herreshoff boats. It is therefore probable that further races will be arranged to thrash out the doubt in the matter. In fact, it is not at all improbable that Mr. Lawson will allow his boat to go into the formal Cup races under the flag of some member of the New York Yacht Club who is a personal friend.

It is certain that every unprejudiced yachtsman hopes he will do so. I do not think that *Independence* can be made to equal either of the Herreshoff boats for all-around work, or in any conditions save where a stiff wind and a smooth sea are found. At the same time, however, she can do much to show that the theory on which she was built is as good for 90-footers as it has been shown to be for 21-footers. I think that if Mr. Crowninshield were to build her anew, he would make her a foot wider; he would give her easier lines in the bow—say more of a spoon-shaped bow; he would use less ballast and would melt what he did use into a solid mass at the bottom of the keel instead of putting in pigs and shot. He would also give her a stronger hull. In short, a boat built on the scow plan could be made to swing the 14,800 square feet of canvas *Independence* originally had with some less displacement.

"SKIMMING-DISHES" vs. CUTTERS

This brings us to another very interesting feature of this year's races for the Cup. The old discussion about cutter and sloop models that reached an acrid stage back in 1885 and 1886 is being gradually worked out by scientific and practical demonstration in favor of the American model. In those old days of more or less ill-temper, the British ideal

racer was 102 feet long over all, 87 feet long on the water line, 15 feet broad, and she had a draught of 13 feet 6 inches. Her depth was about equal to her draught. *Galatea*, from whose model these figures are taken, was the Cup challenger for 1886. But since that day the matter has been considered well on both sides of the water, and now we have *Constitution*, with a beam of 25 feet and a molded depth of hold that is less than 10 feet. The old Yankee model of hull, once ridiculed as a skimming-dish, has carried the whip all these years, and still carries it.

And it is at once both curious and interesting to note that the British designers have conceded the point by building all their challengers (since *Thistle*) of a beam as great as the defenders. *Valkyrie III*, with which Lord Dunraven flunked, was 27 feet wide—the widest boat ever in the Cup races.

It appears from this, however, that something more than a liberal beam is wanted, else had the Cup been carried away long since. And a consideration of the causes of the British failures is a deal more encouraging to the patriotic American than any story of the failure of the new *Shamrock* to beat the old one on this or that trial.

To fully understand the British failures it must be known, first of all, that ship designers are artists precisely as sculptors, painters or poets are. The true designer is born a designer. Now the one fact about artists that is most prominent of all is that they succeed fully when they work sincerely according to the faith that is in them, and at no other time. They can all knock out potboilers to order, but potboilers are not art work.

THE DESIGNS OF YACHT DESIGNERS

Now, of the three designers who have been sending yachts here for the Cup since 1885, but one—Mr. J. Beaver Webb—worked in sincerely as I understand the word. He believed in a model 15 feet wide and 13 deep. His *Genesta* and *Galatea* failed not through his fault. From *Thistle* to *Shamrock II*, we have had models which were designed solely to win the Cup. They were in no case the designs which the artists sincerely believed to be the best for all-around work in yacht racing.

Both Watson and Fife were trained—born—in the British theory that the Yankee model, with its wide beam and relatively shallow depth, was necessarily unsafe, and no experience that they have had has educated them above that idea. But they suppose that wind and water off Sandy Hook run in some way different from wind and water around the British coast, and that they must design a challenger to meet the supposed conditions. They have built to boil the pot—to win the Cup—not to create what they in their hearts believe to be the very best model.

On our side, the designers have never been hampered by traditions of that kind. They have sought for the swiftest lines, regardless of tradition. The fact that we abandoned the old-fashioned centreboard for a keel shows that our designers have been hand free.

I think that Watson and Fife will always fail because of their prejudices. But some time a liberal-minded sportsman like Sir Thomas Lipton will find a youth alongshore in Great Britain—a youth with a soul in him that rises superior to all prejudice, and an eye and a hand that are skilled to see and to shape what is needed for a swift-sailing ship. When that time comes, we shall go to the races with bated breath. Let the New York Yacht Club beware of the day when a British Crowninshield comes after the Cup in a British scow.

DEATH ACCOMPANIES THE BIG SLOOPS

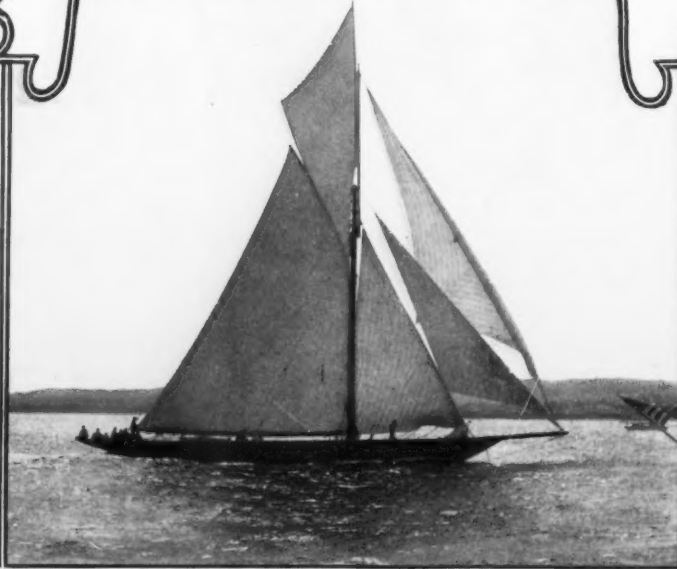
Last of all, this year's races will be most notable because racers like *Constitution* and *Shamrock II* are very likely to go out of fashion. With the hulls of these two sloops no fault can be found. Each carries a cargo of lead stowed where it places the greatest possible strain on the hull, but neither has opened a seam nor sprung a plate or frame. Both are superb specimens of naval architecture in almost every respect. But the efforts to save weight aloft have been carried out so far that the margin of safety has been practically lost. Even *Columbia* lost her dolphin striker, in a recent race, because it was too slender; and that when it is in a location where five pounds' added weight would not affect a race by the one-millionth part of a second. Everything above the water line is fished too much, but the spars have suffered most, and there seems to be no help for it while 90-foot sloops are used for the races. Death literally hovers over all the big sloops while they are under sail. And the expense of breakage is something that must be considered. There is a strong feeling that schooners or smaller sloops should be used, and it is likely to prevail.

Let the people who are able to comprehend the magnificent beauty of a sloop that is but 90 feet long on the water, and yet swings canvas that towers to the full height of a frigate's royal yard, go to see the races of 1901, lest no opportunity to see such vessels be offered them again.

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THE SCHOONER "KATRINA," WINNER
IN CLASS D



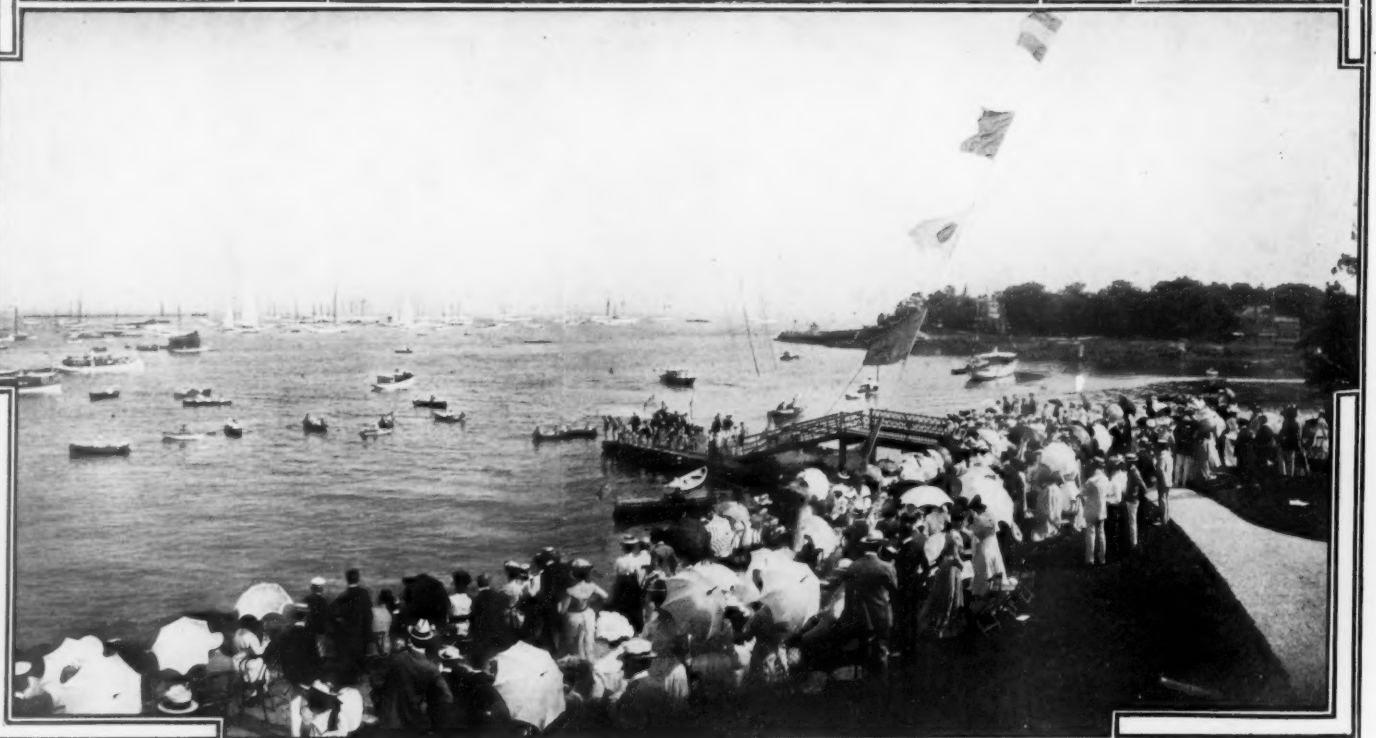
THE SLOOP "HESTER," WINNER IN THE "IMPORTED" CLASS



THE SCHOONER "ELMINA," WINNER
IN THE 75-FOOT CLASS



START OF THE RACEABOUT CLASS IN A STIFF BREEZE



PHOTOGRAPHED BY JAMES H. HARE

LADIES' DAY AT LARCHMONT—ONE OF THE MOST PICTURESQUE SCENES PRESENTED AT THE ANNUAL REGATTA

OUT WITH THE YACHTS DURING RACE WEEK AT LARCHMONT, BEGINNING JULY 13

(SEE PAGE 21)



LANDING STORES FROM THE BATTLESHIPS FOR USE IN CAMP



CAPTAIN C. G. LONG, U. S. M. C.



BUGLER NOLAN, U. S. M. C.



GENERAL VIEW OF CAMP HIGGINSON, THE SHORE QUARTERS OF THE MARINES



FIRING A THREE-INCH SHELL FROM ONE OF THE MOUNTED GUNS

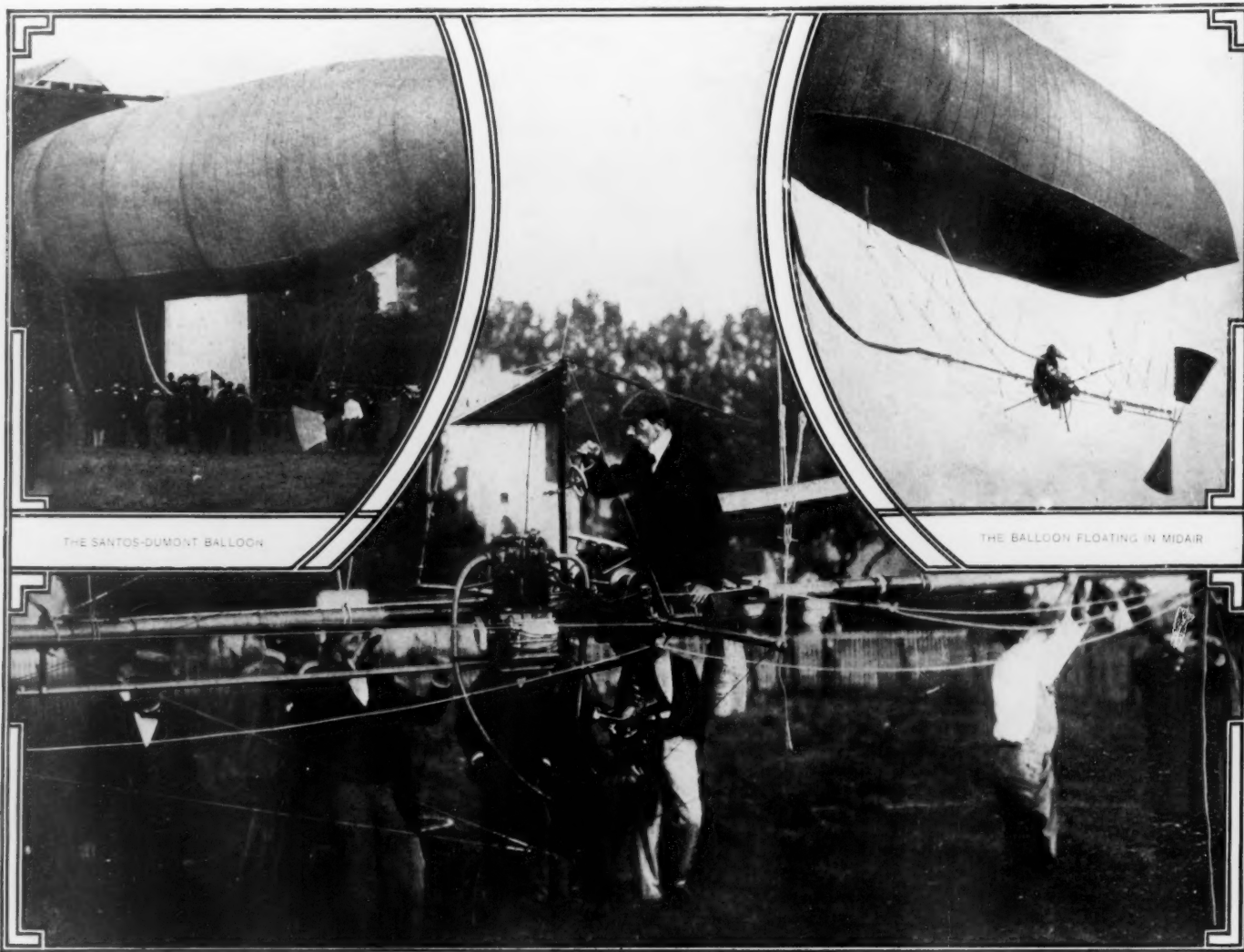


ADMIRAL HIGGINSON DIRECTING OPERATIONS FROM ONE OF THE "KEARSARGE'S" BOATS

THE U. S. NAVAL MANOEUVRES AT NANTUCKET

(SEE PAGE 22)

M. SANTOS-DUMONT IN THE CAR



THE SANTOS-DUMONT BALLOON

THE BALLOON FLOATING IN MIDAIR

THE SANTOS-DUMONT DIRIGIBLE BALLOON—In an effort to win the \$20,000 prize offered by M. Henri Deutsch of Rouen, for the construction of a manageable balloon, M. Santos-Dumont, a young Brazilian aeronaut who has been experimenting for some years, sailed around the Eiffel Tower in Paris on July 11, in an airship which he was apparently fully able to control. On the following day he repeated his experiment with even greater success, causing the balloon to rise and fall again as he desired, and to travel against the wind at a considerable rate

of speed. The balloon is constructed of a light colored material, and is 34 metres long, with a diameter of 6 metres, and a cubic capacity of 55 metres. Below it, suspended by thin steel wires, hangs a cradle, composed of three converging poles, which supports a petroleum motor of about sixteen horse-power. This furnishes the motive power for a two-flanged propeller which moves at the rate of two hundred revolutions a minute. The aeronaut sits in a small basket beyond the motor, and from his seat controls the operating valves and steering gear.

LONDON NEWS AND GOSSIP

By JULIAN RALPH
Special Correspondent of Collier's Weekly

THE "AMERICAN INVASION" of England, to which the newspapers referred facetiously in the early weeks of the year, when coming events were just casting their shadows ahead, and which they discuss somewhat fearfully these later days—and which social Britain welcomed heartily from the very first, for reasons I have already explained—seems to be fast culminating in an American Conquest. One seems to see, hear and read more of Americans and the doings of Americans in England just now than of anything else. And the influence of the invaders is very apparent and very striking in all sorts of odd and interesting ways. The Britishers have had some pretty hard knocks from the invaders—in business and in sport, especially—to say nothing of society. But nowhere does one find the least resentment over these triumphs; everywhere and in every way the Britishers are taking their medicine cheerfully, and picking up points with commendable avidity. I think all Americans are having a particularly good time this year. For every one—from the King, who is making a special point of showing marked courtesies to distinguished visitors, to the coster, who cheers vociferously for the little Brits as they ride winner after winner in the big races—seems anxious to be nice to them.

THE CUP RACES

Talking of summer sports, there is for the moment something of a lull in public interest over the America's Cup races. Not that interest will not revive and boom immensely as the time of the contests comes nearer. There was quite a big interest in the proposal for an Atlantic race between the yachts, for the Britishers have a not unreasonable feeling that they would stand a better show of winning in such a race. There is no real feeling that Sir Thomas

Lipton's yacht has much of a chance of lifting the Cup this year any more than last time. Indeed, I think the betting among yachtsmen who know best would come out about 5 to 1 against it. They take the practical ground that to make a boat on this side, and build and fit her for a transatlantic voyage, renders it impossible for her to be as light, elastic and buoyant as the American boat, built and always sailed short distances in comparatively quiet waters. This view explains why they would like to see an ocean race between the yachts.

ARISTOCRACY IN SPORT

Lipton himself never betrays the slightest belief that he will be beaten this year. He is as enthusiastic as though

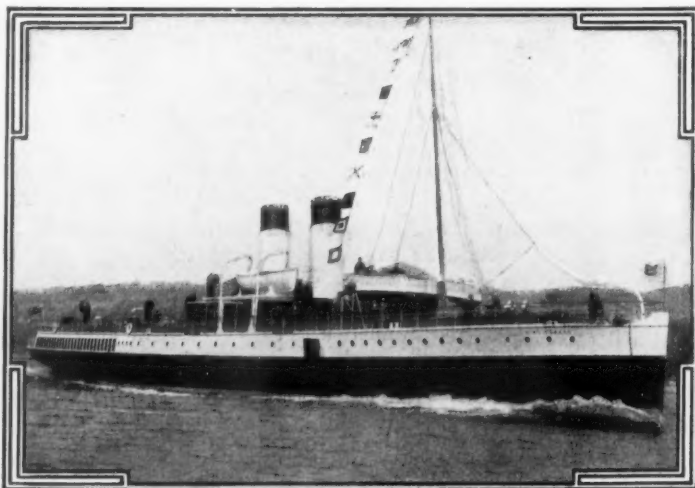
like behavior of the New York Yacht Club. It is highly absurd that there should be an aristocracy in sport—the essence of which is fair and free play for all, and frank approval of and admiration for the best man—but there is an aristocracy in sport in England as well as in New York. One thing the average Britisher keenly admires the King for is the fact that he steadily discourages this aristocracy of sport. When he was Prince of Wales he put Sir Thomas Lipton up for membership in the Royal Yacht Squadron at Cowes, the most exclusive club in the world. The members promptly blackballed him. And the Prince kept away from the club for a whole year, and last year only went in the club-house once or twice, and only for a few minutes.

As soon as the Prince became King the aristocrats spread the rumor most industriously that he was going to promptly drop his non-aristocratic friends, and all sorts of stories got about of the chilly times experienced by some of his old chums. But few of the great mass of the people believed them—because they knew the Prince's record and had a great faith in him.

THE KING IS LOYAL

And without doubt they were justified, for the King has loyally stuck to all his old friends, aristocrats or commoners, and most notably has he stuck to Sir Thomas Lipton, most prominently has he shown his real regard and admiration for him—for the real sportsman Lipton is. The English people strongly share the King's admiration for Lipton, and whatever they may privately think of the chances of *Shamrock II.*, Lipton will have their heartiest good wishes, the heartiest sort of a send-off when he starts on another attempt to "lift that Cup," and the finest kind of a reception when he comes home, whether he brings the Cup or not. I know that one of the things Lipton himself is most proud of is the feeling that Americans entertain something the same sort of sentiment for him as a sportsman.

After all and above all, the British are a sporting and social people, and while they take an academic interest in the organization of British industries, and probably read sometimes the appealing articles in the papers on "Wake Up, England" topics, they are really keenly interested in what they themselves can do to Americans in the more attractive paths of pleasure.

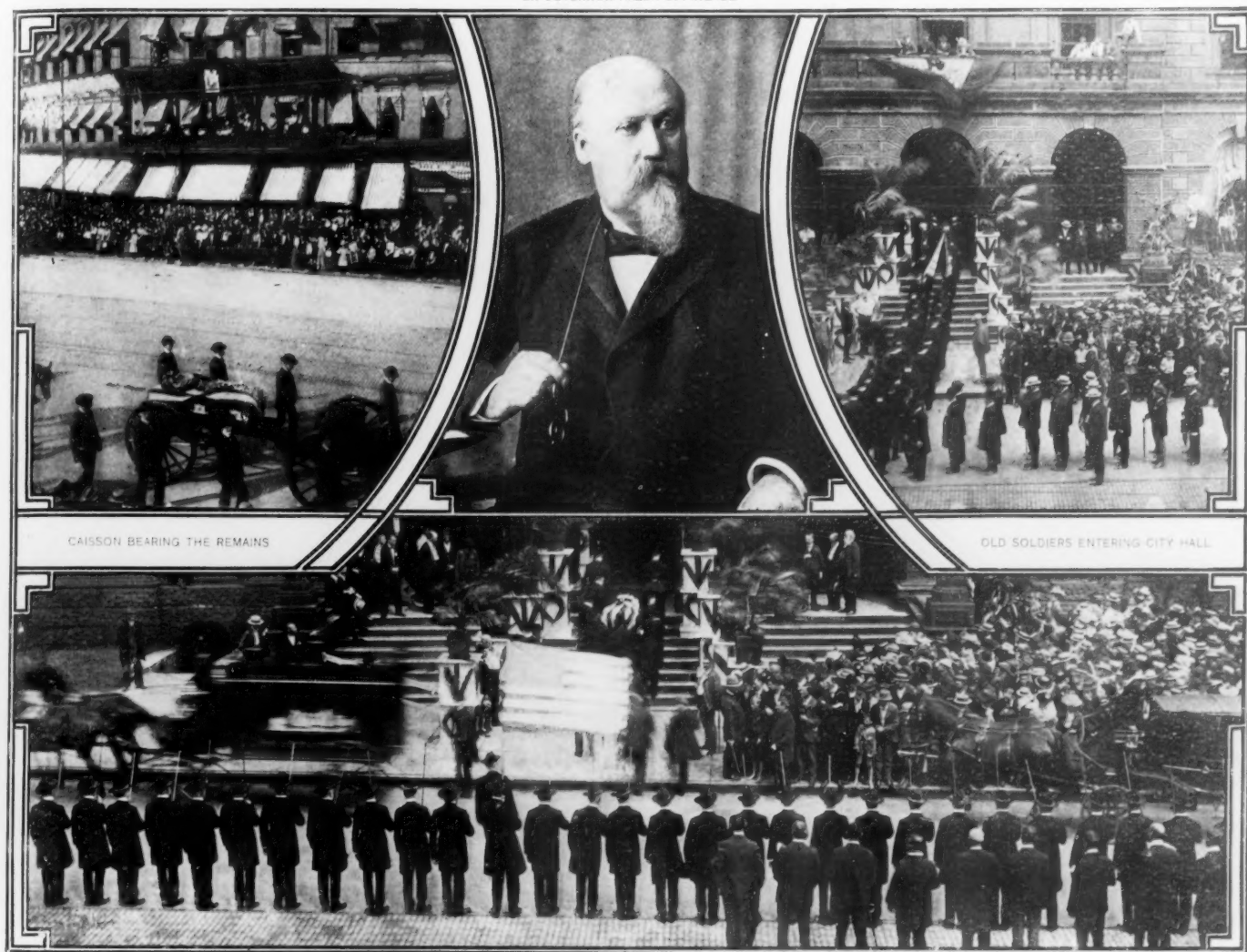


THE BRITISH STEAMSHIP "KING EDWARD." THIS IS THE FIRST PASSENGER VESSEL TO BE FITTED WITH TURBINE ENGINES BY MEANS OF WHICH SHE HAS ATTAINED A SPEED OF TWENTY KNOTS

his were the only boat in the race, and is as keen and confident now as when he first thought of competing for the Cup. And that's what the British admire about Lipton—his genuine sportsmanship.

Another thing the English equally admire is the sportsman-

EX-GOVERNOR HAZEN S. PINGREE



CAISSON BEARING THE REMAINS

OLD SOLDIERS ENTERING CITY HALL

REMAINS BEING CARRIED INTO THE CITY HALL BEFORE THE FAMOUS DETROIT POST NO. 384, G.A.R., AS GUARD OF HONOR

THE LATE HAZEN S. PINGREE OF MICHIGAN—Hazen S. Pingree, four times Mayor of Detroit, twice Governor of Michigan, died June 18, in London, and was buried at Detroit, Michigan, July 6. He was born in Denmark, Maine, in 1840. When Lincoln called for troops, young Pingree enlisted in the First Massachusetts Heavy Artillery and served through the war. For five months in 1864 he was a prisoner in Andersonville. After the war he migrated to Detroit, where he ultimately established the largest shoemaking plant in the West, and

was chosen Mayor of the city, and afterward Governor of the State. On the day preceding the funeral the casket lay in state in the City Hall, surrounded by a military guard, and a vast concourse of citizens viewed the remains. On the following day the greatest military funeral ever seen in Michigan took place. The route was lined with people for a distance of four miles, fully one hundred and seventy-five thousand people witnessing the passing of the pageant. And the "People's Friend" was followed to the grave by thousands who truly mourned.

AN INTERVIEW WITH "OOM PAUL"

By COLONEL ARTHUR LYNCH
of the Transvaal Army

PRESIDENT KRUGER in his exile retains, if not the pomp and circumstance, at least the dignity, of a Chief of State; and he is now, in this terrible crisis of his country's history, possibly more jealous of the recognition of his authority than when his position was entirely uncontested.

I had seen him in the Transvaal under very diverse circumstances. On the first occasion, shortly after my arrival, I met him in the early morning of a bright January day, talking with a few of his burghers on the stoop of his residence at Pretoria, a residence, by the way, "more neat than solemn," rather than the palace of a potentate who had enriched himself by nefarious "deals"—as some of the English press would have it—at the expense of his country. The second time was when, during a critical period of the attack on the Boer positions near the Tugela, I saw him coming out of his Council chamber. He seemed quite composed. He was munching a biscuit as the door opened, and, as he marched along the passage between the four policemen who constituted his bodyguard, with his slow, heavy step, he bowed gravely as he recognized me.

HARD TO INTERVIEW THE PRESIDENT

The difficulty of obtaining an interview with him—for that privilege had already been refused to a legion of journalists and friends of the cause—and the circumstantial nature of the formalities to be observed, had made me additionally anxious to see once more the Grand Old Lion of South Africa. In Pretoria, in the plenitude of his power, he had always been comparatively easy of access, and his natural bonhomie aided in this regard his principles of patriarchal simplicity.

No doubt the fact of my having fought for the cause of the Republic was the strongest argument in my favor, for after consultations with his entourage, with all of whom I was in friendly relations, his Honor decided to give me an interview on the day following my arrival.

I made my appearance at the hotel at three o'clock in the

afternoon, and was ushered into his presence rather unexpectedly, as it happened, for no precise hour had been fixed; and I found the President all alone, in a large armchair at a table in a spacious but barely furnished room, and reading his



"OOM PAUL" KRUGER, PRESIDENT OF THE TRANSVAAL

Bible. It was a large Bible—like the "big ha' Bible" of Burns's "Cotter's Saturday Night," I imagine—with great staring print.

Mr. Boeschoten accompanied me and interpreted, for the

President knows only a few words of English; and whereas I had acquired some slight knowledge of Dutch, the President's language is the taal, or ungrammatical and unpolished Dutch as spoken in South Africa. Moreover, the natural roughness of the language is increased by his manner of speech—guttural and forcible, but full of savor and character. I thought I observed, however, that he seemed to comprehend what I had said, even before Mr. Boeschoten had given him the translation in Dutch, but this I have since been assured is not the case.

"OOM PAUL" FULL OF PLUCK

I can give here but the substance of the President's declarations, because the very fact of the translation of his ideas into a foreign language implies that the raciness or vigor of the original vernacular disappears and only the sense remains. He said: There was no question of surrender. He hopes as ardently as does the English Government that this war may be the last in South Africa. A patched-up peace, which would leave the question partly settled, which would allow the spirit of race hatred to ferment, and which would be but the prelude to an imminently struggle in the future, would be more undesirable even than the state of war which now exists.

There was a time when Dutch and English could have lived together in perfect amity. The notion of a Dutch conspiracy to seize the entire power in South Africa and to dominate the English element was a mere idea that had been started—an afterthought without warrant in fact. Nothing of the kind had ever been revealed in the course of the recent history of the country.

Cecil Rhodes was once trusted by the Dutch, and he had hoped to make use of them as a lever for his designs. When the Jameson raid revealed his aims, and he himself threw off the mask, the Dutch saw how they had been deceived.

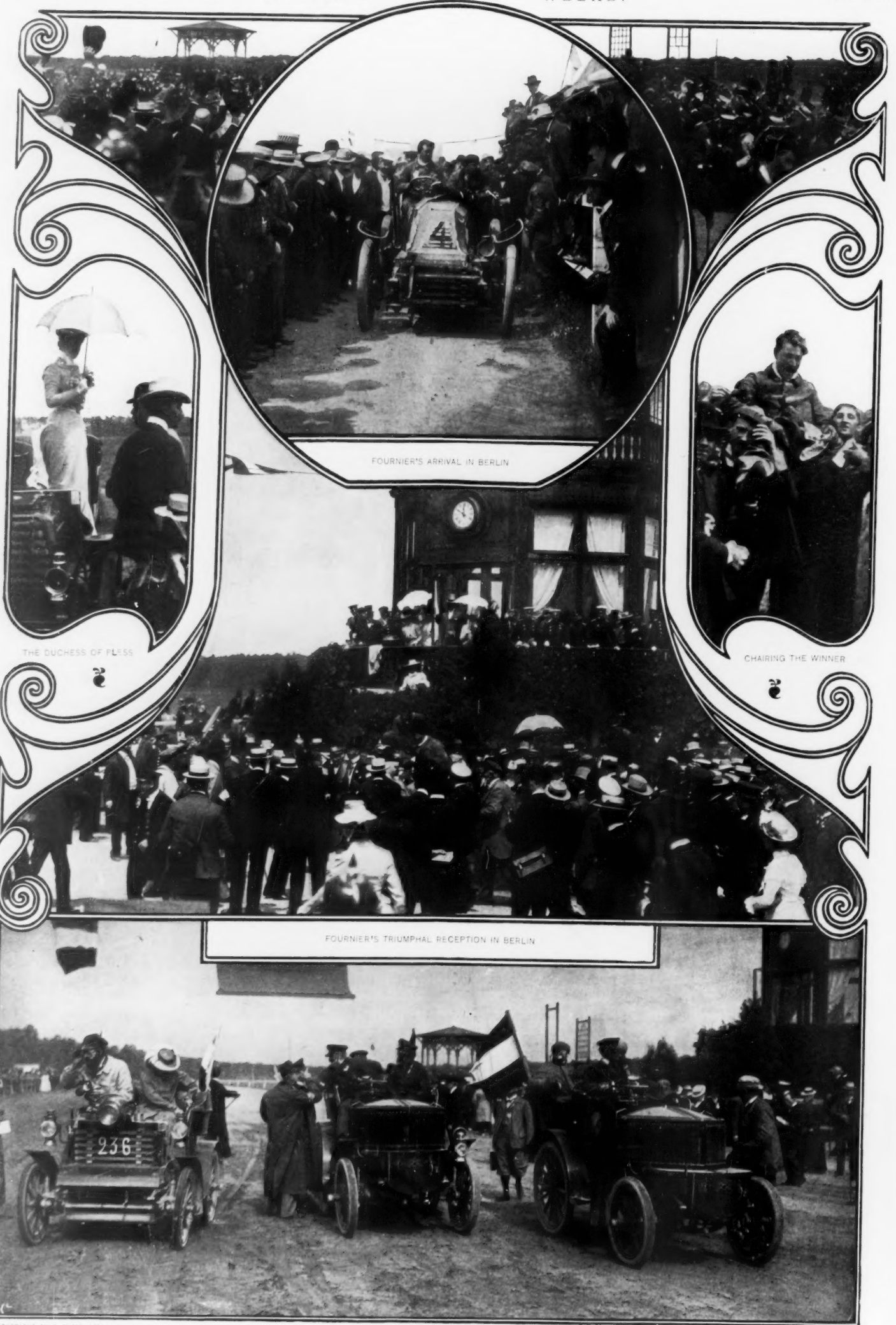
BRITISH GUILF AND SAVAGE WARFARE

For a long time the President believed that Chamberlain was really sincere in his desire for a *modus vivendi*, and he negotiated with him on that basis. But it became evident, long before the final rupture, that Chamberlain had determined to back up the policy of Rhodes, and that the negotiations were a mere piece of trickery to gain time to make preparations, and to try to force the Transvaal into a false position.

After the battle of Dundee, there were found in the English headquarters complete military plans, carefully prepared two years beforehand, for the invasion of the Orange Free State.

The employment of Kaffirs to fight white men was in his eyes a crime—a crime, indeed, of the gravity of which only

(CONCLUDED ON PAGE 20)



FOURNIER'S ARRIVAL IN BERLIN

THE DUCHESS OF FLESS

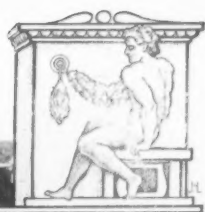
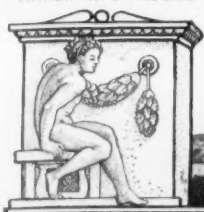
CHAIRING THE WINNER

FOURNIER'S TRIUMPHAL RECEPTION IN BERLIN

SOME OF THE UNSUCCESSFUL COMPETITORS

THE RECENT PARIS-BERLIN AUTOMOBILE RACE, WON BY M. FOURNIER

(SEE PAGE 21)



THE ETERNAL CITY

By HALL CAINE Author of "The Deemster," "The Manxman," "The Christian," Etc., Etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Prince Volturno, exiled from Italy for conspiring against the government, adopts a boy companion, afterward proscribed as an author of the Prince and eventually known in Rome as David Rossi, the anarchist leader. Roma, the Prince's daughter, now resides there too, under the tutelage of Bruno Bonanno, Italy's Prime Minister. The intimate relations with which gossip credits them being alluded to in a public speech by Rossi, an intrigue is consequently set afoot to ruin him, with Bonanno's co-operation. But Rossi, persuaded he has made a mistake, offers Roma rewards. She ceases to wish for revenge, and finally returns the passion he conceives for her. The Baron, learning of this, and becoming still more embittered against his rival in love and politics, treacherously orders his arrest in connection with a popular demonstration against the government. But Rossi escapes to England, after a secret church marriage with Roma. Tortured by conscience, in a letter to David she makes a half-avowal of her former intimacy with Bonanno. Rossi's reply is reassuring, whereupon Roma tells him all. Meanwhile, Bruno Rocco, a disciple of Rossi, has been arrested, coerced, and tricked into signing an alleged confession, which will enable Bonanno to secure Rossi's conviction as a conspirator. Roma convinces Bruno of his error, and he now wishes to retract his confession before the impending trial.

XIX



EIGHT O'CLOCK the next morning Roma was going into the courtyard of the Castle of St. Angelo when she met the carriage of the Prime Minister coming out. The coachman was stopped from inside, and the Baron himself alighted. "You look tired, my child," he said. "I am tired," she answered. "Hardly more than a mouth, yet so many things have happened!" "Oh that! That's nothing—nothing whatever." "Why should you pass through these privations? Roma, if I allowed these misfortunes to befall you it was only to let you feel what others could do for you. But I am the same as ever, and you have only to stretch out your hand and I am here to lighten your lot." "All that is over now. It is no use speaking as you spoke before. You are talking to another woman."

"Strange mystery of a woman's love! That she who set out to destroy her slanderer should become his slave! If he were only worthy of it!" "He is worthy of it." "If you should hear that he is not worthy—that he has even been untrue to you?" "I should think it a falsehood, a contemptible falsehood." "But if you had proof, substantial proof, the proof of his own pen?" "Good-morning! I must go." "My child, what have I always told you? You will give the man up at last and carry out your first intentions." With a deep bow and a scarcely perceptible smile the Baron turned to the open door of his carriage. Roma flung up angrily and went on, but the poisoned arrow had gone home. The military tribunal had begun its sitting. A ticket which Roma presented at the door admitted her to the well of the Court where the advocates were sitting. The Lawyer Fuselli made a place for her by his side. The Secretary was reading the indictment. Bruno was not only charged with participation in the riot of the 1st of February, but also with being a promoter of associations designed to change violently the constitution of the State. When the indictment came to an end the Public Prosecutor expounded the accusation and mentioned the clauses of the Code under which the prisoner's crime had to be considered. "Bruno Rocco, stand up," then said the President. "You are a Roman, aren't you?" "Yes, I am—I'm a Roman of Rome," said Bruno. The witnesses were called. First a Carabinieri to prove Bruno's violence. Then another Carabinieri, and another, and another, with the same object. After each of the Carabinieri had given his evidence the President asked the prisoner if he had any questions to ask of the witnesses. "None whatever. What they say is true. I admit it," he said. At last he grew impatient and cried out, "I admit it, I tell you. What's the good of going on?" The next witness was the Chief of Police. Commendatore Angioli was called to prove that the cause of the revolt was not the dearth of bread but the formation of subversive

associations, of which the "Republic of Man" was undoubtedly the strongest and most virulent. The prisoner, however, was not one of the directing set, and the police knew him only as a sort of watchdog for the Honorable Rossi.

"The man's a fool. Why don't you go on with the trial?" cried Bruno. "Silence!" cried the Usher of the Court; but the prisoner only laughed out loud.

The next witness was the Director of Regina Caeli. He deposed that the prisoner had made a statement to him which he had taken down in writing. This statement amounted to a denunciation of the Deputy David Rossi as the real author of the crime of which he with others was being charged.

After the denunciation had been read the President asked the prisoner if he had any questions to put to the witness, and thereupon Bruno cried in a loud voice, "Of course I have. It is exactly what I've been waiting for." He had risen to his feet, kicked over a chair which stood in front of him and folded his arms across his breast. "Ask him," said Bruno. "If he sent for me late at night and promised me my pardon if I would denounce David Rossi."

"It was not so," said the Director. "All I did was to advise him not to observe a useless silence which could only condemn him to further imprisonment if by speaking the truth he could save himself and serve the interests of justice."

"Ask him," said Bruno, "if the denunciation he speaks of was not dictated by himself."

"The prisoner," said the Director, "made the denunciation voluntarily and I rose from my bed to receive it at his urgent request."

"Ask him if I said one word to denounce David Rossi."

"The prisoner had made statements to a fellow prisoner, and these were embodied in the document he signed."

The Lawyer Fuselli interposed. "Then the Court is to understand that the Director who dictated this denunciation knew nothing from the prisoner himself?"

The Director hesitated, stammered, and finally admitted that it was so. "I was inspired by a sentiment of Justice," he said. "I acted for duties of office."

"This man fed me on bread and water," cried Bruno. "He put me in the punishment-cells and tortured me in the strait-waistcoat with pains and sufferings like Jesus Christ's, and when he had reduced my body and destroyed my soul he dictated a denunciation of my dearest friend and my unconscious fingers signed it."

"Don't shout so loud," said the President.

"I'll shout as loud as I like," said Bruno, and everybody turned to look at him. It was useless to protest. Something seemed to say that no power on earth could touch a man in a mood like that.

The next witness was the Captain of the Guard. He deposed that he was present at the denunciation, that it was made voluntarily, and that no pressure whatever was put upon the prisoner.

"Ask him," cried Bruno, "if on Sunday afternoon when I went into his cabinet to withdraw the denunciation he refused to let me."

"It is not true," said the witness.

"You liar!" cried Bruno, "you know it is true; and when I told you that you were making me drag an innocent man into the galleys I struck you, and the mark of my fist is on your forehead still. There it is, as red as a cardinal, while the rest of your face is as white as a Pope."

The President no longer tried to restrain Bruno. There was something in the man's face that was beyond reproach. It was the outraged spirit of Justice.

The Captain of the Guard went on to say that at various times he had received reports that Rocco was communicating important facts to a fellow prisoner.

"Where is this fellow prisoner? Is he at the disposition of the Court?" said the President.

"I'm afraid he has since been set at liberty," said the witness, whereupon Bruno laughed uproariously, and, pointing to some one in the well, he shouted:

"There he is—there! The dandy in cuffs and collars. His name is Minghetti."

"Call him," said the President, and Minghetti was sworn and examined.

"Until recently you were a prisoner in Regina Caeli, and have just been pardoned for public services."

"That is true, your Excellency."

"It's a lie!" cried Bruno.

Minghetti leaned on the witness's chair, caressed his small mustache and told his story. He had occupied the next cell to the prisoner, and talked with him in the usual language of prisoners. The prisoner had spoken of a certain great man and then of a certain great act, and that the great man had gone to England to prepare for it. He understood the great man to be the Deputy Rossi and the great act to be the overthrow of the constitution and the assassination of the King.

"On lie!" cried Bruno.

"Bruno Rocco," said the President, "do not agitate yourself. You are under the protection of the law. Be calm and tell us your own story."

XX

"Your Excellency," said Bruno, "this man is a witness by profession, and he was put into the next cell to torture me and make me denounce my friends. I didn't see his face, and I didn't know who he was until afterward, and so he tore me to pieces. He said he was a proofreader on the 'Official Gazette' and heard everything. When my heart was bleeding for the death of my poor little boy—only seven years of age, he was killed in the riot, your Excellency—he poisoned my mind about my wife, and said she had run away with Rossi. It was a lie, but I was brought down by flogging and bread and water, and I believed it, because I was mad, and my soul was exhausted and dead. But when I found out who he was I tried to take back my denunciation, and they wouldn't let me. Your Excellency, I tell you the truth. Everybody should tell the truth here. I alone am guilty, and if I have accused anybody else I ask pardon of God. As for this man he is an assassin and I can prove it. He used to be at the Embassy in London, and when he was sacked he came to Mr. Rossi and proposed to assassinate the Prime Minister. Mr. Rossi flung him out of the house, and that was the beginning of everything."

"This is not true," said Minghetti, red as the gills of a turkey.

"Isn't it? Give me the cross and let me swear the man a liar!" cried Bruno.

Roma was breathing hard and rising to her feet, but the Lawyer Fuselli restrained her and rose himself. In six sentences he summarized the treatment of Bruno in prison and denounced it as worthy of the cruellest epochs of tyrannical domination, in which men otherwise honorable could become satyrs in order to save the dynasty and the institutions and to make their own careers.

"Mr. President," he cried, "I call on you in the name of humanity to say that Justice in Italy has nothing to do with a barbarous system which aims at obtaining denunciations through jealousy and justice through revenge."

The President was deeply moved. "I have made a solemn promise under the shadow of that venerable image"—he pointed to the effigy above him—"to administer justice in this case, and to the last I will do my duty."

The Public Prosecutor rose again, and obtained permission to interrogate the prisoner.

"You say the witness Minghetti told you that your wife had fled with the Honorable Rossi?"

"He did, and it was a lie like all the rest of it."

"How do you know it was a lie?"

Bruno made no answer, and the young officer took up a letter from his portfolio. "Do you know the Honorable Rossi's handwriting?"

"Do I know my own ugly list?"

"Is that the Honorable Rossi's writing?" said the soldier, handing the envelope to the Usher to be shown to Bruno.

"It is," said Bruno.

"Sure of it?"

"Sure."

"You see it is a letter addressed to your wife?"

"I see. But you needn't go on washing the donkey's head, Mister—I know what you are getting at."

"You must not speak like that to him, Rocco," said the President. "Remember, he is the honorable representative of the law."

"Mustn't I, Excellency? Then tell his Honorableness that David Rossi and my wife are like brother and sister, and anybody who makes evil of that isn't stuff to take with a pair of tongs."

Saying this, Bruno flung the envelope back on to the table.

"Don't you want to read it, then?"

"Not I! It's somebody else's correspondence, and I'm not an honorable representative of the law."

"Then permit me to read it to you," said the Public Prosecutor, and, taking the letter out of the envelope, he began in a loud voice:

"Dearest Elena . . ."

"That's nothing," Bruno interrupted. "They're like brother and sister, I tell you."

The Public Prosecutor went on reading:

"I continue to be overwhelmed with grief for the death of our poor little Joseph."

"That's right! That's David Rossi. He loved the boy the same as if he had been his own son. Go on."

" . . . Our poor little Joseph—our child—your child—my child, Elena."

"Nothing wrong there. Don't try to make mischief of that," cried Bruno.

"But now that the boy is gone, and Bruno is in prison, perhaps for years, the obstacles must be removed which have hitherto prevented you from joining your life to mine and living for me, as I have always lived for you. Come to me, then, my dear one, my beloved . . ."

Here Bruno, who had been stepping forward at every word, snatched the letter out of the soldier's hand.

"Stop that! Don't go reading out of the back of your head," he cried.

No one protested, everybody felt that whatever he did this injured man must be left alone. Roma felt a roaring in her ears and for some minutes she could scarcely command her

COLLIER'S WEEKLY





A PERILOUS MOMENT IN ALPINE CLIMBING

DRAWN BY T. DETHULSTRUP

First a picket of Swiss Guards in a striped uniform of yellow and black; then a gorgeous staircase, the Scala Pia, with more Swiss Guards at the top; then a courtyard, the Court of Damascus, sunny and silent save for the reverberations of closing doors and the striking of a silver-bellied clock; then another gorgeous staircase, with marble balustrades and a stained glass window; then a superb gendarme in white tights, top boots and bearskin; then a magnificent hall, the Sala Clementini, with a picket of Swiss Guards and a Corporal in command; then another large hall, the Hall of the Palfrenieri, the bearers, with half a dozen of the men in red damask liveries of the time of Louis XIV., who carry the Pope in his chair of State; then a similar chamber with still more Swiss Guards and two more gendarmes; then another room with Palatine Guards in black tunics, gold epaulets and shakoos that had red plumes; then still another room with Bussolanti, laymen in violet cassocks and flowing streamers; and, finally, a magnificent apartment hung with tapestries, furnished with a large crucifix between two tall lamps, and occupied by a Noble Guard in brass helmet and with drawn sword. In this room Roma's companion left her, and one of the Bussolanti took her in charge.

A chaplain of the Pope's household came to say that by request of Father Pifferi the lady was to step into an ante-room, and Roma followed him into a small adjoining chamber, carpeted with cocoanut matting and furnished with a marble-topped table and two wooden cassa-banchi or chest-seats, bearing the arms of the Pope. The little room opened on to a corridor overlooking a courtyard, a secret way to the Pope's private rooms, and it had a door to the Throne Room also.

"The Father will be here presently," said the Chaplain, "and His Holiness will not be long."

The door to the Throne Room opened and there was a gleam of violet and an indistinct buzz of voices. The Chaplain disappeared, and at the next moment a man in the dress of a waiter came from the corridor carrying a silver soup dish. He had little beady eyes, and he glanced at Roma with undisguised interest and admiration.

"You're the lady the Holy Father sent for?" Roma smiled and assented.

"I'm Cortis—Gaetano Cortis—the Pope's valet, you know—and of course I hear everything."

Roma smiled again and bowed.

"I bring the Holy Father a plate of soup every morning at ten, but I'm afraid it is going to get cold this morning."

"Will he be angry?"

"Angry? He's an angel, and couldn't be angry with any one."

"He must indeed be good—everybody says so."

"He is perfect. That's about the size of it. None of your locking up his bedroom when he goes into the garden and putting the key into the pocket of his cassock, same as in the old Pope's days. I go in whenever I like, and . . ."

The valet's story was interrupted by the opening of the door of the Throne Room and the entrance of a friar in a brown habit. It was Father Pifferi. Seeing him in the daylight, Roma had no difficulty in recognizing the saintly old man who had been pointed out to her in the Pope's procession. His face was mellow, but full of light; his white beard was long and patriarchal, his voice was soft and his manners gentle.

"Don't rise, my daughter," he said, and, closing the door behind the valet, he gathered up the skirts of his habit and sat on the chest-seat in front of her. "When you came to me with your confidence, my child, and I found it difficult to advise with you for your safety and peace of mind; I told you I wished to take your case to a wiser head than mine. I took it to the Pope himself. He was touched by your story, and asked to see you for himself. Tell him everything. Hold nothing back. And if you must needs reveal the confidences of others, remember that he is the Vicar of Him who keeps all our secrets."

"But, Father . . ."

"Yes?"

"His very saintliness will make it difficult to speak to him."

"Don't say that. His fatherly heart knows the sorrows and sufferings of all his children. . . Shall I tell you something of his life? The world knows it only by hearsay and report. You shall hear the truth, and when you have heard it you will go to him as a child goes to its father, and no longer be afraid."

II

"THIRTY-FIVE years ago," said Father Pifferi, "the Holy Father had not even dreamed of being Pope. He was the only child of a Roman banker, living in a palace on the opposite side of the Piazza. The old Baron had visions, indeed, of making his son a great churchman by the power of wealth, but these were vain and foolish and the young man did not share them. His own aims were simple but worldly. He desired to be a soldier, and to compromise with his father's disappointed ambitions he asked for a commission in the Pope's Noble Guard."

The old friar put his hands into the vertical

pockets in the breast of his habit, and looked up at the ceiling as he went on speaking:

"All this is no secret, but what follows is less known. The young soldier, who had the charm of an engaging person, led the life of an ordinary young Roman of his day, frequenting cafes, concerts, theatres and balls. In this character he met a poor girl of the people, and came to love her. She was a good girl with soft and gentle manners, but a heart of gold and a soul of fire. He was a good man and he meant to marry her. He did marry her. He married her according to the rites of the Church, which are all that religion requires and God calls for."

Roma was leaning forward on her seat and breathing between tightly closed lips.

"Unhappily, then as now a Godless legislature separated a religious from a civil marriage, and the one without the other was useless. The old Baron heard of what had happened and tried to defeat it. A Cardinal had just been created in Australia, and an officer of the Noble Guard had to be sent with the Ablegate to carry the biglietto and the skull-cap. At the request of the Baron, his son was appointed to that mission and despatched in haste."

Roma could scarcely control herself.

"The young husband being gone, the father set himself to deal with the wife. He had not yet relinquished his hopes of seeing his son a great churchman, and marriage was a fatal impediment. A rich man may have many instruments, and the Baron was able to use some that were evil and unholy. He played upon the conscience of the girl, who was pure and virtuous. Told her she was not legally married and that the laws of her country thought ill of her. Finally he appealed to her love for her husband and showed her that she was standing in his way. He was not a bad man, but he loved his son beyond truth and to the perversion of honor, and was ready to sacrifice the woman who stood between them. She allowed herself to be sacrificed. She wiped herself out that she might not be an obstacle to her husband. She drowned herself in the Tiber."

Roma could not control herself any longer and made a half-stifled exclamation.

"Then the young husband returned. He had been travelling constantly and no letters from his wife had reached him. But one letter was waiting for him in Rome, and it told him what she had done. From that time forward he renounced society and all worldly pleasures. Eight days he went into retreat and prayed fervently. On the ninth day he joined a religious house—the Novitiate of the Capuchins at San Lorenzo. The young soldier, so gay, so handsome, so fond of social admiration, became a friar."

The old Capuchin looked tenderly at Roma, whose wet eyes and burning cheeks seemed to tell of sympathy with his story.

"In those days, my daughter, the nuns of Teckla served the foundling of Santo Spirito."

Roma began to look frightened and to feel faint.

"It was usual for a member of our house to live in the hospital in order to baptize the children and to confess the sick and the dying. We took it in turns to do so, staying one year, two years, three years, and then going back to the monastery. I was myself at Santo Spirito for this purpose at the time I speak about, and it was not until three or four years afterward that I became General of our Order and returned to San Lorenzo. There I found the young Noble Guard, and, wisely or unwisely, I told him a new phase of his own story."

"There was a child?" said Roma, in a strange voice.

The Capuchin bent his head. "That much he knew already by the letter his wife had left for him. She had intended that the child should die when she died, and he supposed that it had done so. But pity for the little one must have overtaken the poor mother at the last moment. She had put the babe in the rota of the hospital, and thus saved the child's life before carrying out her purpose upon her own. We had baptized the boy by a name which the mother had written on a paper attached to his wrist, and the identity of that name with the name of the young friar had led to my revelation. Nature is a mighty thing, and on hearing what I told him the young brother became restless and unhappy. The instincts of the man began to fight with the feelings of the religious, and at last he left the monastery in order to fulfil the duty which he thought he owed to his child."

"He did not find him?"

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"He was too late. According to custom, the boy had been put out to nurse on the Campagna by means of the little dower that was all his inheritance from the State. His foster parents had passed him over to other hands, and thus by the abuse of a good practice the child was already gone and lost."

Roma tried to speak, but she could not utter a word. "What happened then is a long story. The old Baron was now dead and the young friar had inherited his princely fortune. Dispersions got over canonical difficulties, and in due course he took holy orders. His first work was to establish in Rome an asylum for a number of friendless orphans. He went out into the streets to look for them, and brought them in with his own hands. His fame for charity grew rapidly, but he knew well what he was doing. He was looking for the little fatherless one who owned his own blood and bore his own name."

Roma was now sitting with drooping head and her tears were falling on her hands.

"Five years passed, and at length he came upon a trace of the boy and heard that he had been sent to England. The unhappy father obtained permission and removed to London. There he set up the same work as before and spent in the same way his great wealth. He passed five years in a fruitless search, looking for his lost one day and night, winter and summer, in cold and heat, among the little foreign boys who played organs and accordions in the streets. Then he gave up hope and returned to Rome. His head was white and his heart was humble, but in spite of himself he rose from dignity to dignity until at length the old Baron's per-

pendence of the Holy See has been violated, when Rome, this holy city, this metropolis of the empire of Jesus Christ, has been confiscated by a parricidal government, when men arise who do not conceal their desire to destroy with the Pontiff's temporal power the dignity and faith of the Church, we thank Divine Providence that the Catholic Church is presided over by our Most Holy Lord Pope Pius the Tenth.

"These are evil days, your Holiness, and in the midst of rebellions and insurrections, and the sufferings that come from them as from a devastating whirlwind sweeping over all your people in every land, we remember that the Vatican is not only a prison but a Sinai from which an infallible word is spoken, and we look to you as the common Father of all the Faithful to recall the world to its duty, and to give from the lips of your Beatitude the sovereign word of guidance. O great lamp which shines from the heights of this sacred hill, O light which comes from heaven, shine now upon the nations! O great voice of God on earth, O voice that shakes the world, speak to a people that is full of affection for their Holy Pontiff!"

"Blessed Father, your Sacred College well know how dear to your heart is the desire to see Rome head of the world once more by the strength of peace and love. We trust and believe that your heirship and mastership of the world is certain and is near, and that the prophetic vision by which you have seen it has already radiated the globe. The Eternal One has said to his Vicar, 'I will place thy seat above all the seats of the earth'; and, profoundly trusting that the precious life of your Blessedness may be spared to witness the realization

therefore the State is nothing but a Mob which is mistress and dictatress of itself.

"Venerable Brethren, is it necessary that the Holy Father should show you how false and how dangerous are impious doctrines which deify Man and make him adore himself in the entity which is styled Humanity? These homicidal theories of demagogues are directed by the genius of evil to destroy religion and the Church. The words Liberty and Democracy are only a pretext, a lie, an imposture, a bait of the Biblical serpent, and in too many cases they would be properly interpreted Revolution and Regicide.

"My Lord Cardinal, you are pleased to ask for the word that will indicate the direction in which Catholic activity should be displayed in the midst of so much anarchy. Our counsel is to call upon the clergy to deliver the people from the seductions of the demagogue, and to forbid them to belong to the associations he forms for the furtherance of his infamous aims. Many such associations have been referred to the Holy See, and one such, which has unhappily gathered great influence throughout Europe under the name of the Republic of Man, has been laid before the Supreme Congregation of the Universal Inquisition, with the result that it has fallen under the censure of the Pontifical constitution condemning societies which entertain plans against the Church or against legitimate powers, and are therefore to be reprobated on the part of all the faithful of Christ, who are henceforth forbidden to take any part in them, whatever quarter of the earth they dwell in.

"Meantime, my brethren, since it has been permitted by



A HOT DAY ON THE PUBLIC BATHING BEACH, ALONGSIDE THE IRON PIER, WHERE NEW YORK STEAMERS LAND AT CONEY ISLAND

verted ambitions were fulfilled. For his great and abounding charity and still greater piety he was promoted to be Bishop, seven years afterward he was created Cardinal, and now he is Pope Pius the Tenth, the saint, the savior of his people, once the storm-tossed, sorrowing, stricken man. . . .

"David Leone!" The Capuchin bowed. "That was the Holy Father's name. Tell me, my daughter, is there anything you would be afraid to confide to him?"

"Nothing! Nothing whatever!" said Roma, with tears choking her voice and streaming down her cheeks.

III

THE Pope had just passed through a memorable scene. In his grand Throne Room, decorated in red and gold, seated on his throne covered with red velvet and surmounted by its embroidered canopy, vested in his red Senatorial cape, richly trimmed, and his emerald cap edged with fur, and wearing his patriarchal cross and his episcopal diamond ring, he had received his Sacred College, his Patriarch, Archbishops, Bishops, Prelates of Colleges and Congregations, Chamberlains and military dignitaries on the anniversary of his coronation as Sovereign Pontiff of the Church of Rome.

After a cushion had been placed at the Pope's feet and the Sacred College had gone through the office of obedience, by kissing his jewelled hand and the gold cross on his shoe, as the devotion or strength of each might dictate, the oldest of the Cardinals had stepped forward and read an address. He was a man of ninety, with sleepy eyes, and a husky and worn-out voice.

"Most Blessed Father," he said, "your Sacred College is glad to offer to your Holiness its felicitations on this joyful anniversary of an auspicious day.

"In these days, Blessed Father, when the liberty and inde-

pendence of the Holy See has been violated, when Rome, this holy city, this metropolis of the empire of Jesus Christ, has been confiscated by a parricidal government, when men arise who do not conceal their desire to destroy with the Pontiff's temporal power the dignity and faith of the Church, we thank Divine Providence that the Catholic Church is presided over by our Most Holy Lord Pope Pius the Tenth.

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of this promise, we beg your Holiness to accept the homage of your Sacred College, and to be pleased to impart to us your Apostolic Benediction."

The old Cardinal read the address with many pauses, and was more than once assisted by one of the Chamberlains to a glass of water. When he had finished the Pope raised his head and replied.

"Venerable Brethren," he said, in a full and vibrating voice, which was clearly the relic of a noble organ, "a kindly emotion, an affection peculiarly paternal, fills our heart at once more receiving this token of your devotion.

"It has pleased you, my Lord Cardinal, to make allusion to our domestic difficulties and bitternesses, which deepen in gravity day by day. There are those who will not realize that the Pope, who by Canon Law is placed above all human ordinances, cannot therefore be the subject of any man, and that the temporal sovereignty of the Roman Pontiff is necessary to the free exercise of his apostolic mission. But none can fail to see that the Holy Father has been imprisoned in the Vatican, that his ministers have been dispersed, his altars destroyed, his temples profaned and his property plundered.

"Venerable Brethren, the Church and civil society have in many ages been threatened by revolution and by the father of

our Divine Master for the expiation of the People's sin in listening to evil counsels that they should suffer by revolution and injustice, by parliaments which are anti-religious assemblies, by tribunals which are seats of corruption, by police courts and jails which are scenes of secret tyranny, let us call upon God to avert His judgment."

Immediately the Pope had finished, the Archbishops, Bishops, Prelates of the Colleges and Congregations, and the Chamberlains, lay and ecclesiastical, filed in front of him and kissed his hand and foot. After that he rose, and, holding up two fingers of the right hand, pronounced the Apostolic Benediction; and then, leaning on the arm of one of his camerieri partecipanti, he left the Throne Room.

A moment later the gorgeous company was gone, and the Bussolante was at the door with Roma. A private Chamberlain took charge of her there, and passed her to a Secret Chamberlain at the door of an ante-chamber adjoining. This Secret Chamberlain, a layman in ruffs of the time of Elizabeth, handed her on to a Monsignore in a violet cassock, and the Monsignore accompanied her to the door of the room in which the Pope was sitting.

"As you approach," he said in a low tone, "you will make three genuflections—one at the door, another midway across the floor, the third at the Holy Father's feet. You feel well?"

"Yes," she faltered.

The door was opened, the Monsignore stepped one pace into the room, and then knelt and said, "Donna Roma Vo-

lonna, your Holiness."

IV

THE Pope, now dressed wholly in white, was sitting in a simple chair by a little table in a homely room surrounded by bookcases and some busts of former Pontiffs. There

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23)



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FROM A WOMAN'S VIEWPOINT

THE BATHING-SUIT



IN SOME FUTURE museum of antiquities, say about the year 3000 A.D., in a glass case labelled "Protective Resemblance," as to-day is labelled the butterfly which, by closing its wings, masquerades as a dead leaf, will be found by the generations which come after us and study our habits, clothing, etc., a hired bathing-suit. In imagination one can see the representative of that time raising her monocle and gasping, "Is it possible that they" (meaning us) "ever wore those things?"

(meaning the H. B. suits) and lifting her hands to heaven in thankfulness that she had chosen her parents wisely and escaped the crudity of an earlier civilization. Next to a tintype, there is no anesthetic to vanity like the hired bathing suit. To submit to both in succession would render one immune against the deteriorating influence of a Doucet gown and a photograph by Lafayette. Occasionally, on the veranda of a summer hotel, in the ballroom, on the board-walk promenade, one sees a bit of femininity which excuses the existence of the fashion-plate model; for, after all, one's imagination rarely puts reality to shame. But where is the model which served the designer of the hired bathing-suit? What piece of humanity, built on pecking-case lines and sugar-bowl proportions, was the inspiration of these waterlogged flannels, ornate with fire-sale braids, Methodist ruffles and frills? Was the designer of the first suit a woman later or a blind man, and has his hypnotic influence extended to the present time? It would not be so hopeless if the beach offered the security of trees, and if one could leave the bath-box and dart behind successive trunks of chestnut, pine or elm, until the sheltering waves hid one from sight; but the treeless sand mocks with its uselessness as a hiding-place for the deformity to which one was not born but which has been thrust upon one. There should be demanded a "Shoot the Chutes" by which the wearer of the hired suit could be precipitated into the water and save the feelings of the lookers-on. The most sensitive of souls may be stranded far from home and bathing-suit, and the voice of the ocean is alluring. It is a question if one can endure the trial of the hired suit, or, having yielded, ever again regain one's self-respect.

It is a far cry from the hired suit to that of home manufacture, but there are certain features about this season's fashion which deserve emphasis. In the first place, while the suit of merino, alpaca or pongee is still the popular one, there are an increasing number of silk suits. In fact, it may safely be said that the woman of mode will sacrifice an extra morning or dinner gown, if need be, for the pleasure of having a silk suit. Some very smart ones are made of taffeta tucked all over in the tiny folds which are one of the novelties of the day. At the foot of the short skirt these folds expand into a full ruffle, while the waist is tucked all over, even to the short sleeves, which are finished, like the skirt, with the expansion of the tucks. With these suits the proper thing is to wear a high stock of linen or muslin; sometimes there is a high stock of the taffeta outlined with a narrow edge of embroidery. The taffeta suit is not durable; it is doubtful if it will wear through the summer; but it is so comme il

faunt that it seems asking too much that it should have such a commonplace quality as durability.

THE FLOWER LUNCHEON

WOMEN, they say, always eat with their eyes. At no time is this truer than in summer when daintiness of table appointment is a necessity to stimulate the flagging appetite. The luncheon offers great possibilities for the display of aesthetic sentiment. A charming one, recently given by a well-known artist, may furnish a hint to those who are suffering from domestic brain fog. The affair, as the invitation noted, was a fleur de lis luncheon, and the purple and green of the flower suggested the color scheme. The hostess's gown was of violet with suggestions of green here and there. On the veranda, porch, in the reception and dressing rooms, great vases and jardinières were filled with the tall fleur de lis, and the table decorations were of the same, the novelty being in the use of the new flower-holder, which consists of tiny leads, each of which holds but one flower, but holds it erect, so that when a shallow dish is filled with them the effect is that of the growing blooms. Interspersed amid these particular fleurs de lis were river grasses, and these were carried to the corners of the square table, so that the surface seemed to be a flowering garden. The porcelain service was of violet and green, the bon-bon dishes held candied violets, the ices were flavored with pistache served in a violet liqueur, the asparagus in bunches tied with violet ribbons, and other details completed the desired effect. The fleur de lis has its brief season, and even while one writes of it its day is almost spent; but any other flower will serve as well to furnish a keynote. A rose luncheon is full of possibilities; one of tulips, of field daisies, of ragged robins may be made effective. The range of choice is unlimited, but there should at this time of year be given a preference for the garden or wild flower over its conservatory relative.

HOW SOME WOMEN SOLVE THE FRESH-AIR PROBLEM

THE MAXIM that charity begins at home is having a new and vigorous interpretation put upon it. Some of the philanthropic women who are fortunate enough to have summer residences out of town have added to their household effects one, two or three mission children, as space permits. New arrivals replace the old every fortnight, and before the season is over the entire class of the East Side worker has had its recreation. One woman recently described her flitting from the city in these words: "There are my husband, myself, four dogs, three servants, the son and heir, and 'two fresh-air.' (The 'fresh-air' were members of a sewing class she had instructed in the slums all winter.) 'I have a little room for them, some bathing-suits, and they are going to have all the fun they can get out of two weeks; then I shall have some others come down and take their places. Trouble? Yes, of course, they are a trouble; everything in the world that's worth while is a trouble, but I enjoy it as much as they do, and the enjoyment is not exactly of a soporific nature, either.' It is an age of specialties, and even our charities are not immune; the occasional check sent to the organized Board is doubtless efficacious, but one does not see its good results and there is consequently no inspiration to future giving. The daily witness of the good deed done is pretty sure to lead to others until one becomes altruistic habitually as well as impulsively.

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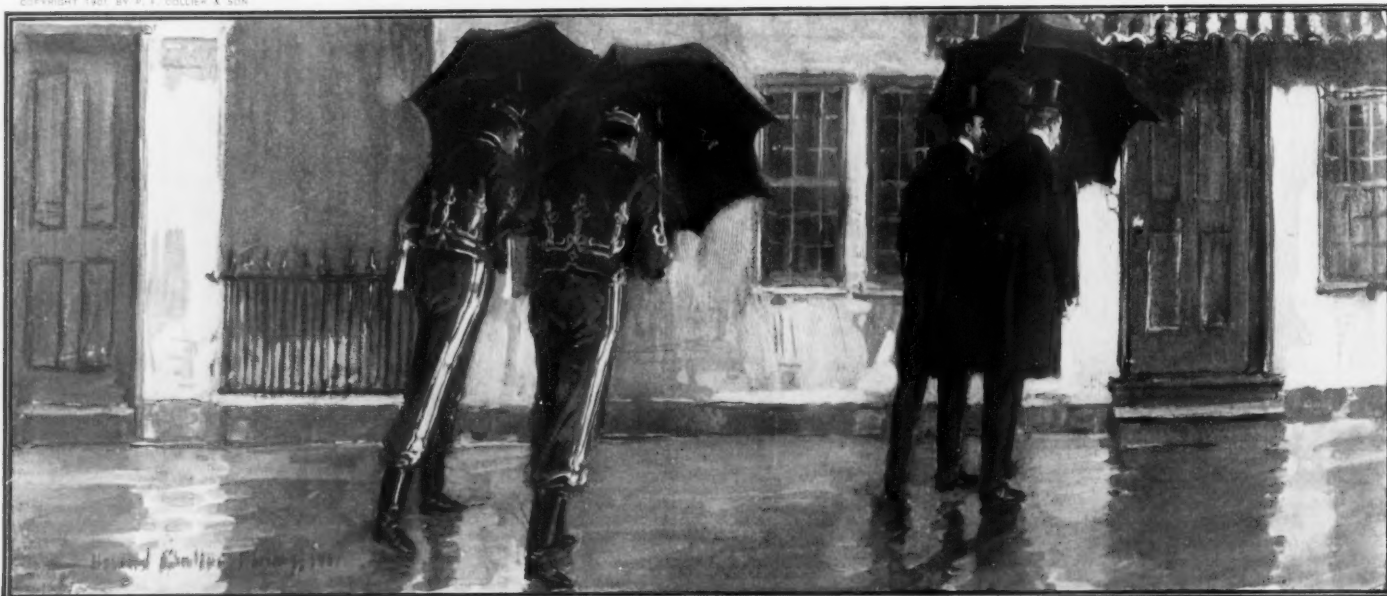
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THE PRESIDENT'S PREROGATIVE

By FELICIA GODDARD

Drawings by Howard Chandler Christy



I HE PRESIDENT OF SAN MIGUEL was picking his way homeward under a large umbrella. For something more than a month it had been raining throughout the afternoons and evenings, and the narrow, crooked streets of the capital presented the appearance more of river-beds than of macadamized thoroughfares. The eaves of the one-story adobe houses were for the most part a protection in themselves, but at the cross streets the President and his party were exposed to the full force of the heavy, sullen downpour of a tropical rainy season.

Behind him his two aids were walking, in tight dark-green jackets and full red trousers. Each carried an umbrella in his right hand and a couple of blue copybooks under his left arm. At his Excellency's side was the last remaining member of the Cabinet—the other five having resigned in the course of the last six weeks.

The party was returning from a consultation with the prominent men of the country, concerning the political and financial situation, which was in no respect satisfactory; times were hard, taxes high, the elections took place the following day. In a word revolution was imminent.

Taking advantage of just such conditions, the President himself had come into office nine years before. Since then he had held the country in the hollow of his hand and had remade it. He had found it without industries, without commerce, almost without currency, and ignorant of any form of popular expression except frequent revolutions. He was making of it a prosperous country and for it a permanent government. It is true that the means by which he remained in power were not those that a northern republic would applaud. For when a ruler elected by popular vote holds the right to force any citizen into the army—an organization which of necessity has no vote—it is not to be supposed that any alarming number of his opponents will appear at the polls. Yet even his opponents, to whom perhaps these natural safeguards seemed inevitable enough, admitted that financially this man was honest. He was, as a matter of fact, according to his lights a patriot. He loved the verdant, volcanic, untamed little land that had given him birth.

From his boyhood his eyes had turned to the Presidency. He had worked and studied and thought with this single idea before him: To improve his country when the opportunity came. He had not, like so many of his companions, been sent to Paris or the United States for his education. He had never left the shores of San Miguel, yet he knew the theory of government of every nation, the political and commercial history of the world.

For nine years now he had had the joy of success, the intoxication of seeing his theories in practice, and now he saw the whole fabric tottering. A bad season for the coffee crop, a skilful agitator—and, worst of all, a woman—seemed on the point of ending his career.

Whatever he felt, he seemed the least concerned of the party, as he stepped along briskly under his umbrella, his frock-coat tightly buttoned (it had been built by an English tailor), his high hat tilted very slightly to the left. He was a tall, slight man, under forty. His high cheek-bones suggested, what was indeed the fact, that at no very distant period his Spanish descent had been crossed by Indian blood. His skin, too, had a ruddier, more copper-colored hue than the pallor of his countrymen; his bearing was more upright and vigorous.

"It is true," said his Excellency, in his soft South American Spanish, "that the condition of the army is such as to give the gravest alarm to the country."

"The gravest alarm to your Excellency," responded the last remaining member of the Cabinet, without emphasis but with a good deal of meaning.

Through all these years the army—at least the steady, permanent part of it—had been, to a man, devoted to the President, either, as his friends asserted, on account of his undoubted personal courage, or, as his enemies maintained, because the welfare of the people was always sacrificed to its comfort. The fact remained with irritating obviousness

that there is not a little difficulty in raising the standard of revolt among an agricultural nation, while the army continues obstinately loyal. But this time of perfect security was over. The causes of general discontent had affected the army. It was notoriously wavering.

The Cabinet now decided to attempt a little conversation on his own account.

"Your Excellency will doubtless attend the ball to-night, where we may conclude that the beautiful and *simpitosa* Donna Violetta will—"

The President cut him short. "I shall not be present," he said curtly. The aids exchanged a smile. Donna Violetta was the woman in the case.

She was an American by birth—a Virginian—but the widow of one of San Miguel's most successful merchants. She was as the Cabinet had said—a beautiful woman. In this country of brunettes, she was not only blond, but almost ideally blond, calm, fair and slender. She was, besides, according to Northern canons, a charming woman; yet her personal unpopularity in San Miguel was phenomenal. The causes were not far to seek.

Her bearing to her husband's country people was unequivocally insolent. The women seemed to her to be the merest children, until marriage converted them into a combination of nurse and household drudge. She made no secret of the fact that she did not find them suitable companions for herself. She laughed at their very limited influence over their husbands, while professing herself perfectly able to understand it. Women five years younger began to look heavy and overblown while she was still in the heyday of her freshness. The scale of living in San Miguel, even among the highest, was of a simplicity not far removed, in Donna Violetta's eyes at least, from squalor. She flaunted the splendid cleanliness and hospitality of her own household in eyes uncomfortably conscious of shortcomings.

Nor was it only the women who hated her. She had been three years a widow, she had been much courted by somewhat fiery suitors, and she had not remarried. A skilful woman may reject a lover without turning him into an enemy, as long as she shows no decided preference for another. Unfortunately, Donna Violetta for some time past had been showing a decided preference for the society of the President. A few people asserted, however, that this idea was a misconception, based on a misunderstanding of a Northern manner and a too loyal appreciation of the President's charms.

His Excellency's friends and political adherents feared and disliked her, as a great danger to him and to the party. It had always been advisable, it was now most burningly necessary, that the President should strengthen his position by uniting himself to one of the popular families of San Miguel. It was particularly undesirable that he should unite himself to any foreigner, most of all Donna Violetta; for the fact was indisputable that San Miguel entertained doubts—utterly unfounded—of Donna Violetta's moral character, or, rather, had ceased to entertain any doubts whatsoever.

It is almost impossible for a Latin nation to understand the freedom of Northern women, especially of Americans. Parisians, we are told, are indulgent enough to conclude that all Americans are crazy, but San Miguel was far from this tolerant explanation. Even during her husband's lifetime, it had been the scandal of the capital that, in his absence, Donna Violetta constantly received men alone, sometimes even in the evening. To the mind of the San Miguelian, there is but one reason why a man should wish to visit another man's wife.

And now as a widow she continued such questionable practices as walking in the street without a chaperon, as allowing her masculine acquaintances to join her on her walks and drives, and had been seen on one occasion to run a block after her lawyer, with whom she pretended to have business. Men continued to frequent her house, and most conspicuous among these was the President.

The remaining Cabinet Minister had doubtless been on the point of suggesting to his Chief that it would be extremely inadvisable for him to distinguish this lady by his notice at the ball, but the President had discouraged the subject too plainly to make it safe to continue. His Excellency had scarcely finished disclaiming his intention of attending the

festivity when a little boy started up at his elbow, thrust a paper into his hand and disappeared. The President paused under an electric light (the capital of San Miguel may not be well paved, but it is entirely lighted by electricity), and read:

"Dare to insult your countrywomen by your attentions to the *nina macha* at the ball to-night and I have resolved you shall die."

The President put the communication in his pocket and walked on a few steps in silence. Then he said:

"Did I say just now I should not be present this evening? My dear friend, forgive my preoccupation in affairs of State. Most undoubtedly I shall attend."

A few moments later he dismissed his escort at his own door, and went in alone to ponder the situation. It was briefly this:

While he loved this woman hotly, it seemed to him natural that a man should stab a rival, but quite impossible that he should admit the lady of his love to the serious side of his life. From this, owing to his nature, Donna Violetta stood apart; owing to circumstances, she stood diametrically opposed. Never did man have to choose more plainly between love and duty as he saw it. He had always felt himself to be the bearer of a mission, to be the man destined from all time to redeem his country. The uncivilized barbaric strain in him rendered him singularly callous to his own sufferings or hers. Therefore, it was only his love, pure and simple, unmingled with pity or self-reproach, which contradicted what every other consideration affirmed, that he would do better never to see her again. No less radical measure would avail. If she stayed in the country, the country would believe that they met, if not in public, then all the more certainly in private. He might marry as they wished and become a model of conjugal and paternal affection, yet nevertheless there would always be the question that his enemies would ask, and to which his friends would know but one answer: Donna Violetta remained in a country which she openly despised. Why?

A few months before, in the more peaceful days of his power, the President had hoped to ignore the whole matter until after the election, and then, assured of his power, to marry Violetta and brave the storm. But now to entertain such an idea was folly. It was manifest—daily, hourly becoming more manifest—that he must give the country some assurance that such would not be his course of action, before his election was possible. He had realized this for several days, during which time he had not seen Violetta. He had determined not to see her until his decision was reached. For this reason he had intended not going to the ball. His anonymous correspondent had made this impossible, had roused both his courage and his obstinacy. He would go, and settle the matter there.

II

THE ball on the night before the election was usually of the most brilliant description, perhaps because it could take place only once in three years, perhaps on account of the feverish, Eye-of-Waterloo feeling too often evinced by the participants. It took place in the Opera House, an impressive building, the last bid for popularity made by the President's predecessor. It rose above the low roofs of the town, story on story of ornamentation, until it ended in a final row of white marble statues outlined against the sky. The interior decoration was white and gold, and, like the exterior, very ornate.

The President arrived in time to open the ball; that is to say, in time to lead the Grand March, in which walked everybody of importance in San Miguel's society. The wife of the Cabinet Minister was on his arm. From a box, Donna Violetta looked down. She had not been asked to join this honorable company. The President stood a head above the other men, immaculate in his English evening clothes. Donna Violetta's blue eyes looked softly upon him. The brilliant wreath of people curled round the room behind him, the men's uniforms and the women's dresses standing out vividly against the white and gold background. True to their origin, their taste led them much to reds or yellows. Not a few of the women, in their languid, dark-eyed way, were strikingly handsome, in spite of rouge and a coat of powder so thick

that it was the recognized custom to return to the dressing-room after every dance in order to renew it.

The ball had been some time in progress, Violetta had watched his Excellency passing hither and thither among those to whom his notice was due, before he stepped into the box where she was sitting. She was dressed in a shade of mauve that would have wiped out any other woman in the house. She was looking particularly radiant.

An officer who had been bearing her company made a hasty exit.

"The Señora has been enjoying the evening?" said the President politely.

"Not until this moment, your Excellency," she returned gently, and added more lightly, "To tell the humiliating truth, I have been, to say the least, neglected. It appears, Señor, that the good people of San Miguel do not love me too well."

"Alas," said the President, "that I should differ from my people in so important a particular."

He spoke so calmly that she looked twice quickly at him to be sure of his meaning before she answered:

"I said too well, your Excellency."

"I understood you, Donna Violetta." He took up her opera glasses and deliberately swept the boxes. "It is quite true. I love you too well for myself, too well for you, too well for the country. I have come here to tell you that I have decided never to see you again."

Violetta struggled an instant with a smile, and then let it fall full upon him. She had that disbelief in the inevitable—in masculine inflexibility—common to pretty women, from which not even intelligence will save them.

"Our houses are a mile apart," she said; "you love me, and you fancy that you will never see me again?"

The President was leaning forward, his folded arms on the edge of the box, his eyes on the whirling crowd below. Now and then he bowed in return to a salutation. He met, however, more scowls than greetings.

"Ah, if you remained a mile from me—Violetta," he said, "it is like this. I love you, I adore you, but my people, being ignorant, do not. Unless they are sure I am not your lover they will not re-elect me to-morrow. It is true I wish re-election—I am ambitious. This would not weigh with me an instant. But it is my duty to be re-elected. Otherwise the country slips back fifty years—goes to the dogs. I can save it. No one else can. You know what my opponent is. He would bleed the people of their last cent and run away to Paris. This must not be, and there is now only one way to prevent it. You must leave the country."

The suggestion was preposterous. She looked at him and smiled.

"But I do not wish to leave the country, Ricardo. Its welfare! What does its welfare matter to me?"

"Do you care nothing, Violetta, for the thing I value more than my happiness, more even than yours?"

She wavered visibly an instant, and then continued on her own line:

"You talk about your re-election. I don't care whether you're re-elected or not, whether you're a great or small

person in this little dot of a place. I want you to be some one in the world. If you really want me to leave the country, there's a very simple way. Come with me."

He raised his shoulders. "Ah! that is absurd," he said. Violetta struck her clinched hand on the railing.

"Well, then," she said, "I will not go."

Without moving his arms from the box's edge, he turned to her. Their eyes met for a moment with the intensity common to lovers and enemies. In their own ways, each had been accustomed to absolute sway.

"You forget," he said, "that I have the power to order your exile."

There was a little silence. Then she answered defiantly: "That you will scarcely do."

"There, Señora, you are mistaken. I not only will—I must. Ah!" he went on, with a smile not meant to express amusement, "your eyes say I am a very poor lover. *Bueno*, I am a very good President."

Violetta suddenly grew frightened, and, as she grew frightened, grew angry.

"A good President!" she cried, her eyes flaring in an instant, as blue eyes will sometimes do; "a good President of what? Of a country no bigger than a decent township, and more than half wilderness at that!" She stamped her foot. "Of a handful of worthless people, who don't want to be reformed, who will probably shoot you next year when you try to introduce your new system of drainage. Why should you be sacrificed to them? Why should I—"

"Violetta, you hurt me," said the President gently. "These are my countrymen, this is the only country that I have known—"

"And I would show you the world, Ricardo. We will go home, or to Paris, or to Persia, if you say so. Ricardo, I love you. Am I so undesirable that you weigh this little steaming jungle against me?"

"I believe you to be the most beautiful woman in the world," he answered. She felt his barbaric eyes upon her.

"Well, then, come out into the world and make sure," she said. "Do not wait until to-morrow, until these ungrateful creatures have elected a villain in your place. We can be at the coast in an hour. Your yacht will take us away from all this pettiness forever. Ricardo, do you really doubt that I can make up to you for all this?"

From downstairs, this dialogue had been watched through-out by two men—the Chief of Police and one of the President's aids. The former was not only one of the most important men in the country, as well as a warm friend of the President's, but he was perhaps the only man to whose opinions his Excellency was wont to listen.

This man was now speaking vehemently.

"Heretofore this has been folly," he was saying, "but now it is madness. They make love under the eyes of an enraged people. I feared that he would lose his election. If this goes on he will lose his life."

A few minutes later the two men entered the box together. The aid requested the honor of a dance, and Violetta, catching the President's affirmative, consented. He and the Chief of Police were left alone.

The roses, however, had come somewhat late. Violetta had pleaded well, in a cause already half won. The President's southern blood had risen. For an instant nothing had mattered to him but the woman beside him. Before dawn they would have sailed.

III

The house of Donna Violetta stood somewhat out of the town, on one of the foothills of the volcano. It was, of course, but one story high, built about a central garden, and surrounded by another. Here, on this night in June, every flower was blooming that tropic rain and sun and richness could bring forth. The still night air was full of the scent of roses and jasmine and gardenias. Not far away a darker streak in the landscape, a line of heavier verdure, all festooned with mists of white blossoms, showed where a river ran, rapid and cold, from the mountains to the sea.

A high moon shone through the palms. "No one," says a proverb of the country, "has seen moonlight who has not seen it through a coconut palm"—who has not seen it shake and tremble on these long gray green fringes, who has not listened to their ceaseless rustle, as they shiver in no discernible breath of wind. Where the white, unbroken wall was not hidden by climbing roses it shone blue in the moonlight; the cone of the volcano stood up as blue as at noonday. Many things had changed, but nothing had lost color, as in a northern night. The land had but taken on a more mysterious splendor.

Here Violetta awaited his Excellency. She felt no self-reproach, no doubts even. The gardens of San Miguel seemed very small to her; her own powers of compensation very great. To her mind, a beautiful woman was waiting for her lover in one of the fairest spots of the earth. To this idea she gave herself wholly.

It lacked only an hour of dawn, and tropical dawn is but a short panorama. Their ride to the port was not long, yet should be now begun. She strained her eyes along the road to the town, and listened for the beat of two horses' feet, one ridden and one led. She heard nothing—nothing, at least, but the continuous low turmoil of a tropical night: the hum of insects, the occasional distant screams of a flock of parrots.

She could not tell how long it was before she heard galloping hoofs. She stood up trembling, opened the gate, and paused to listen. A moment after, the President's aid dismounted, panting, beside her. He handed her a paper.

"His Excellency desired me to give you this with the greatest haste possible," he said, "but I have been delayed. The town is in an uproar, the streets are blocked."

She took the paper, and read it in the moonlight. As she finished she looked down, and then suddenly up again at the young man beside her.

"Don Enrique," she said, "do you know the contents of this paper?"

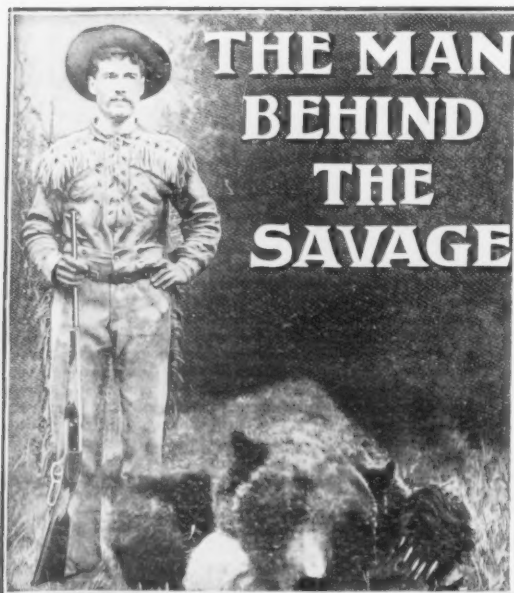
He shook his head.

"Nor when it was written?"

"It must have been written on our return from the ball.



"THE SENORA HAS BEEN ENJOYING THE EVENING?" SAID THE PRESIDENT POLITELY



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(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 9)

men accustomed to the life and usages of South Africa could form an idea. The Boers were noted for the kindness and the generosity with which they treated English prisoners; they had refused the offer of assistance from the Kaffirs when they had the upper hand and when they could have let these savages fall in thousands on the enemy. But the Boer always shrink with horror from the suggestion of using Kaffirs to fight white men.

What is the return? Women and children have been treated in a manner which makes the blood boil with indignation; and now a portion of the English jingo press is calling out that even this infamy must be intensified, and that these helpless ones must be made to feel even more keenly all the evils and the sting of defeat so as to bring pressure on their husbands, fathers, and sons, to induce them to cease to defend their fatherland.

The President cannot believe that a cause conducted on such principles is bound to triumph. The whole history of the Boer race had been a series of treks and struggles against nature and against the Kaffirs in order to avoid unjust interference with their liberties on the part of the English. The English had always followed them into the possessions they had reclaimed from the wilderness. At last they had no wilderness left into which they could trek further. They turned round upon their persecutors like a lion at bay. They would now fight to the death.

THE BOERS NOT BEATEN YET

The President has unbounded confidence in the burghers now fighting and in the officers who command them. The English would never bring to their knees men like Louis Botha and De Wet. And even if by accident either of these men were captured his place would be taken by others. The English possess only the railway lines, all the rest of the country is in the hands of the Boers. Again and again strong commandoes have attacked the English outposts, columns and lines of communication, not only in the Free State and in the Transvaal, but also right down toward Dundee in Natal, and in the district of Cape Town. And what have the Boers lost? Comparatively few men, even according to the reports of the English newspapers. At the worst, the Boers could take to the bush-veld, and any one who has ever been in that country knows that military operations against the commandoes would be utterly hopeless.

The trying season is now on, both for man and beast, in South Africa. Disease will eventually be far more terrible to the English soldiers than battle.

As to the munitions, enormous storages have been made for a long time past in the North. The war will continue for an indefinite period.

OOM PAUL BELIEVES IN THE UNITED STATES

As to the United States, I found all the Boer authorities remarkably well-informed. The idea of a visit to America has not been abandoned, but the President is naturally anxious not to identify himself with either of the two great political parties, as he has numerous and influential friends in both. He is confident that President McKinley would receive him with all the honor and courtesy due to his position, and he believes that when the American people know the whole truth of the South African war their opinion will be manifested in terms which could not leave the English Government indifferent to that sentiment.

The President, if he decides to go to America, will probably not accept any particular invitation, and he will maintain throughout the period of his visit such an attitude as will avoid giving umbrage to any section of the public who believe that the Boers have been fighting, as their ancestors of old, the battle of Liberty and Independence.

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A man may try all sorts of drugs to help him to get well, but after all the "food cure" is the method intended by Nature.

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A dish containing not more than four heaping teaspoonfuls of Grape-Nuts, enough good, rich cream to go with them, some raw or cooked fruit, not more than two slices of entire wheat bread, and not more than one cup of Postum Food Coffee, to be sipped, not drunk hurriedly. Let this suffice for the breakfast.

Let one meal in the day consist of an abundance of good meat, potato and one other vegetable.

This method will quickly prove the value of the selection of the right kind of food to rebuild the body and replace the lost tissue which is destroyed every day and must be made up, or disease of some sort enters in. This is an age of specialists, and the above suggestions are given by a specialist in food values, dietetics and hygiene.

THE PRESIDENT'S PREROGATIVE

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 9)

The President locked himself in his study, and would see no one, though the Governor himself desired an interview. The uproar had already begun—

"An uproar caused, I understand, by the prolonged interview between his Excellency and myself at the hall?"

The aid lifted his shoulders, as if unable to deny, but anxious to repudiate, the folly of his countrymen.

"Well, my friend," said Violetta, "it may interest you to know that this paper pronounces my exile. Your delay has made strict obedience difficult. I am ordered to leave the country before dawn." She looked up to the east, which was already glimmering. "I may accept your escort to the coast where his Excellency's yacht is at my disposal. His Excellency is most thoughtful, is he not?"

"Ah, Señora," said the boy, with real emotion, "it will be of exceeding bitterness to me to see you depart!"

"But it is not certain that I shall depart, Don Enrique. What would be the consequence of my refusing?"

He looked at her almost with terror. "A political prisoner! His Excellency would doubtless have mercy, but it has happened—" He stopped.

"I have always had some curiosity to solve that mystery," said Donna Violetta, tapping the paper against her cheek—"the fate of political prisoners in San Miguel."

"The good God grant you may never solve it, Señora," said the boy fervently.

There was a momentary silence. Then she walked to the horses, and laid her hand on the neck of the one designed for her use.

"I will mount," she said. The aid drew a breath of relief, and lifted her to the saddle.

"Has this animal speed?" she asked. She was assured that it was both fast and fresh.

"And yours?" The boy smiled, showing his gleaming teeth. His was of a slowness!

She had scarcely heard his answer when she turned her horse's head deliberately and started at a gallop for the town. The boy, utterly taken by surprise and on a slower horse, found it hopeless to catch up with her, but followed so closely that she could hear his entreaties. Her life, the President's life, the fate of the election of the country, depended on her turning back. She rode steadily on.

The streets showed signs of excitement, even on the outskirts of the town. Groups of men stood talking and gesticulating on the corners; the barracks were all astir; no police were visible. As she came in sight of the President's house the crowd grew dense. She saw he was standing on the balcony trying to speak to them. She jumped from her horse, turning it loose, and pushed her way on until she stood near enough to catch sentences.

The people were for the most part in holiday dress, in honor of the day. The men wore soft white shirts, and red or green woollen sashes; the women, brilliant silk shawls above their clean cotton dresses. There was a large sprinkling of barefoot soldiers.

The President was standing facing the east, with the pink adobe wall of his house for a background. The dawn was coming visibly up the sky opposite, putting out the stars and casting long, strange shadows of familiar things. In the white light, he looked hard and worn.

All about her in the crowd she heard his name coupled with hers, the hated *nina macha*. She caught words of his speech here and there, and then whole sentences.

"I came into office a poor man," he was saying, "and to-day I may go out a beggar. I have asked nothing from you, and any sacrifice you asked of me I made. You have never before asked me to sacrifice my friends. Oh, sí, sí, that's what you're doing now, and because I hesitate you threaten me with assassination—with assassination!" he smiled, "as if I had not been brought up on it. If I have hesitated, be sure it wasn't for the fear of your threats." He paused. "Well, hesitation is over now. Good or bad, the thing is done. You demanded it and I have yielded. The Señora Donna Violetta de Bellavista has already embarked. We shall see her no more." He stopped.

Already the crowd had recognized her, and somewhat sinister smiles greeted his statement. These he had seen without understanding their cause. Now his eyes fell on her—indeed, met hers, as she stood below him.

"Violetta!" he said.

Whether it was that his tone confessed everything, or that the people, believing that they were being tricked, had reached the limit of their endurance, she never knew. Some one jostled past her, so that she fell on her knees, and, as she did so, a shot whistled past her. Looking up, she saw the President hanging over the balcony like a bundle of clothes. He was quite dead. The bullet had gone through his heart.

THE END



FINISH OF THE GRAND CHALLENGE CUP RACE, HENLEY, JULY 5—LEANDER WINNING FROM PENNSYLVANIA BY A LENGTH

SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR

Edited by WALTER CAMP

ENGLISH ROWING

SOME idea of the English style in rowing the Henley course can be gathered from our illustrations herewith, showing Leander crossing the line upon the occasion of their notable defeat of the Pennsylvania crew.

The men are certainly not together, but the one feature that stands out is the tremendous power and concentration of forces with which they have put their sweep through the water. No wonder that for a mile and a third a crew like this



LEANDER FINISHING IN GRAND CHALLENGE CUP RACE

gets such pace on a boat that none of the visiting crews can hold it. Just how much truth there is in the tale of the Englishmen starting a movement to protect Henley from the invasion of foreign crews is a mooted question. The English have protected the challenge cup with their muscles up to this time, and there would be some exceptions taken by old Blues and others if that traditional method were abandoned for one involving legislation.

The London "Field" has suggested a programme of international races to be rowed subsequently to the big regatta, thus preserving Henley for the Englishmen. As soon as the excitement incident to the Pennsylvania trip has subsided some of the calmer and cooler spirits will come to the front; just at present there seems to be an unusual exhibition of race prejudices which must disappear before a fair conclusion can be reached of the real results of the Pennsylvania trip.

The crew of the University of Pennsylvania defeated the Trinity College (Dublin) crew over a three-mile course on Lake Killarney, from Lady Kinmore's cottage at Glenna to the old castle on Lough Bay, by nearly thirty lengths. The Trinity crew, which had been coached by R. C. Lehmann, rowed the typical English stroke, but by no means as well as the performers at Henley. They took the lead for a few strokes, but after that Pennsylvania went to the front, and stretched out the distance practically as they pleased, covering the course in 16 minutes 19½ seconds. The Dublin crew stopped rowing after the Americans passed the line, so that a comparison of the time was impossible.

The automobile race from Paris to Berlin proved to be more interesting as an endurance test than as a record-breaking performance in speed. On account of the bad roads, the average rate of travel of the winning machine was scarcely forty miles an hour, whereas in the earlier Paris-Bordeaux race the average speed maintained was fifty-three miles an hour. The Berlin



DAVIS AND WARD (CENTRE) AND DOHERTY BROS. IN FINALS AT WIMBLEDON

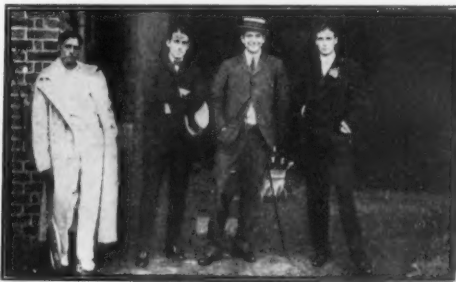
contest was won by M. Fournier, with a Mors machine, in 16 hours 3 minutes. M. Girardot was second by barely half an hour. Upon the arrival of the French automobilists in Berlin there was much enthusiasm among the spectators, many of whom were Frenchmen, and Fournier, the winner, was carried about on the shoulders of his hilarious countrymen. The race was noteworthy for the small number of accidents which occurred to people on the highways or to the chauffeurs themselves.

THE CHALLENGER IMPROVES

The Cup challenger, *Shamrock II.*, is beginning to make known her true quality by decisively defeating the old *Shamrock* at all points. Her most successful trial was at Rothsay, where she pleased her designer, Mr. Watson, and her owner, Sir Thomas Lipton, to such an extent as to renew very manifestly their rather weakening hopes. These trials show that as a light-weather boat she is easily eight or ten minutes faster than *Shamrock I.*

LARCHMONT RACE WEEK

The Larchmont Race Week always proves of especial interest to two classes—the real sailors and the rocking-chair fleet. This year was no exception, for a fresh breeze from a little north of east started the boats off well, and, although it slackened somewhat during the day, it held fairly true. In the 75-foot class, Fred Brewster's schooner *Elmira* again demonstrated her quality by taking the lead at once and holding it throughout the race. At the eastern mark, Lippitt's *Quissetta* was second, with Brokaw's *Amorita* third and *Maribel* last. The same order was maintained gything around the mark in Hempstead Harbor, and the second round found *Elmira* ahead of *Quissetta* by 17½ minutes. In the imported class, *Hester*, one of the yachts that came across last year, defeated *Edin*, Dodge's latest importation, as well as *Isolde*, to whom *Hester*, on account of her size, was obliged to allow some nine minutes. *Katrina*, owned by James D. Ford, had a walkover in Class D of the schooners, Bergen's *Hillegarde* not finishing. In the raceabout class, *Merrywing*, Crane's boat, left the others and won most decisively, *Viper* getting second place and *Badger* third.



DAVIS AND WARD (CENTRE) AND DOHERTY BROTHERS, AMERICAN AND ENGLISH TENNIS CHAMPIONS

TENNIS

Having fought their way with marked success the American tennis representatives, Davis and Ward, came up against the Doherty Brothers, representatives of the best of English tennis. The Americans won the first set, but the English were thereafter too strong for them, and won three straight sets. H. L. Doherty playing a game marvellously free from mistakes, and time and again recovering what seemed to be impossible balls.

The Englishmen won the second and third sets, in what appeared rather easy fashion, but in the fourth, Ward and Davis came in a fashion that was not to be denied, and secured four games out of the first five. Here, however, the Dohertys, thanks to H. L., steadied themselves once more, finally brought it four games all, then five games all; thereafter, until the fifteenth game, each man won his service. At that point, however, Ward lost his serve to the Dohertys, who took that game and the next, and with it the set and match.

Wimbledon never saw keener interest than was exhibited in this match. The Dohertys won twenty-five games to the Americans' eighteen, 157 aces to their opponents' 134.

The American committee announces that the trip of the English team to this country has been abandoned.

GOLF. SEELEY WINS CONNECTICUT CHAMPIONSHIP

On the upper arm of Lake Whitney, looking directly toward Mt. Carmel and the Sleeping Giant, reached by a swinging bridge, stands the low boulder-buttressed club-house of the New Haven Country Club. To the north and east, over rolling country, stretches a golf course of 2,771 yards out and 2,733 in, good going all the way and nothing cramped about it. There is one 600-yard hole, and plenty of variety. Over this course was fought the contest for the Connecticut State Championship, and better play has not been seen at any of these State championship contests. The entire course was in excellent shape, with the exception of two or three of the putting greens, where a little pounding and the use of the shears on the grass around the lips of the holes would have been an improvement.

The record of the course up to the time of this Championship stood at 80, and something of the quality of the field can be judged from the fact that three times on the first day—twice



CLUB-HOUSE OF THE NEW HAVEN COUNTRY CLUB

in the qualifying round and once in match play—was that record beaten. More than that, it took an 88 to qualify for the first sixteen, one at 89 also getting in, whereas for the Consolation nine men were obliged to play off a tie at 93 for the last five places.

Dr. Martin, last year's champion, was off on his irons in the morning qualification and succeeded in getting only 92. In the afternoon, when he played his match for the Consolation with Stoddard, he was on his game once more, and scored an 83, only four under the best score. But that is one of the fortunes of golf and one in which the more mature players seem even the greater sufferers.

Seeley of Wee Burn, Carroll, a Cutler School boy, and T. L. Cheney, the Connecticut champion of '99, were the three stars on the first day, each man getting a 79, Cheney and Carroll securing theirs in the qualifying round where Seeley got an 80—the latter, however, getting a 79 in his match in the afternoon.

One of the most interesting features of the first day was the playing off of the tie places in qualifying for both the Championship and Consolation. The men began at the first tee, which is a short, tricky hole of 165 yards, the green rolling toward the lake. Hapgood, Freeman, White, Jr., and Zimmerman were the four men tied at 89, and one place was open. Zimmerman rather fancied playing last, and, when some one said, "In what order shall we play?" naively remarked that it had better be alphabetically.

Hapgood proved the steadiest of the lot, however, and holed it out in 3. Then there were the nine who were tied at 93 for the last five places in the Consolation. These men proved even steadier than the advance guard; for Stokes, Merritt, Jenkins and Cooley each got a 3, Stokes making an exceptionally good approach, and both he and Cooley holed out hard puts.

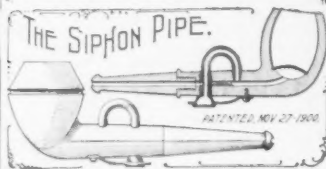
In the match play of the afternoon everything went about as was expected; the closest match being Brown—Austin, the former taking 20 holes to beat his man. J. P. Cheney took a like number to beat Taylor, while in the Consolation Cooley



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C. H. SEELEY, WEE BURN

required 20 to beat Jenkins out, and Stokes the same number to defeat Chase. As the tournament progressed it became more and more apparent that the general play throughout was to be of the highest order. The three 79's on the first day were followed on the second day by an exceptional record made by F. R. Cooley of Hartford, one of the men who had taken 93 in the qualifying round, and had thus been one of the nine men obliged to play off for last place in the qualification for the Consolation. After thus succeeding in getting into the Consolation, he had some difficulty with his next man, only winning out in 29 holes. But after that point he seemed to strike his game, and when drawn against Anson Phelps Stokes, Jr., Yale's secretary, he went out in 37, the best scoring of the tournament. Coming in on the last hole, he got into the bunker, which cost him an extra stroke, but nevertheless finished out in 42, and thus tied the record. In the afternoon he kept up his pace in his match against Merritt, going out in 39 and coming in in 40—thus making 36 holes, in so far the best going that has been shown during the tournament; namely, 158. This was higher class golf than was being played in the championship matches, although not by many strokes; but here the matches were of unexpected interest.

W. R. Cheney found considerable difficulty in disposing of Truesdale. T. L. Cheney, although starting with a lead of three holes over Brown, was obliged to beat him on the 18th hole. Even here Cheney showed a little lack of judgment; for with his ball on one side of the cup, three and a half feet away, and Brown's on the other side, three feet away, instead of playing well up, so that if he missed the hole he might take the chance of going over and laying his opponent a stimpie, he played short. Fortunately for him, Brown also was not up, and Cheney holed down for the match on the next stroke.

Whaples, who came against Seeley, was evidently rather nervous; but after that wore off he played the Wee Burn man a fair game. Carroll had some fast going to finish out ahead of J. P. Cheney, for he was 2 down and 5 to go. Here, however, he put in four straight holes, improving very markedly on his putting. When Carroll met T. L. Cheney in the afternoon, however, he found the Orford representative decidedly on his game, and was beaten 5 up and 4 to play, Cheney going out in 39. Seeley, however, was reversing the order with another of the South Manchester family—W. B. Cheney—whom he finally defeated 5 up and 4 to play, the Wee Burn man going out in 39.

The finals of the individual championship played on Friday brought out in the morning round the best golf of the tournament. Seeley showed himself at the very top of his game, and that, too, a game which, had he played it at Apawamis, might have made a different story. One thing is certain, if, when he goes into the amateur championship this year, he plays the game he played in the morning on the links of the New Haven Country Club, it will be good enough going to land him close to the top. After already making rounds in 79 and 80, he started off for his finals against Cheney by going out in 37 and coming in in 39, thus establishing a new record for the course of 76. Some idea of the power of his game may be gained from two incidents of this morning round. On the 12th hole, 438 yards, the wind was blowing from the eastward across the line of drive, although slightly with it. In allowing for the cross wind he pulled somewhat, but his following brassy stroke was so long that it went past the hole and so carried that it set on the green. When he came to the 16th hole, which is the long 600-yard hole, he played his second, a long brassy, into the old bunker to the right of the course. In spite of this he made the hole in 5, one under bogie, by laying his approach shot within six feet of the hole and putting steadily.



T. L. CHENEY, ORFORD CLUB

The match between him and Cheney was a good one, but no one could hold young Seeley as he was playing on that morning round, though he was not very good in his long game, but exceptionally good in his putting, and he had Cheney 7 down at the end of the first 18. In the afternoon the going was less satisfactory, neither man, Seeley especially, doing exceptional work when compared with the morning score. Seeley won the match and championship by 8 up and 7 to play.

F. R. Cooley of Hartford and Carl E. Martin of Fairfield had a most interesting match for the finals of the Consolation. Cooley, who, as already stated, made two 79's on Thursday, fell off considerably in his play, going the morning round in ten strokes worse; but, as Martin could only do 93, Cooley had him 2 down at noon. In the afternoon, however, Martin struck his game again, and came fast all the way. He finally won the cup by 5 up and 4 to play.

As Martin was the winner of last year's State Championship and T. L. Cheney was the winner of the Championship in '99, it was a fair settlement that Seeley, who was the runner-up last year, should be the winner this year, and Cheney, the winner of two years ago, the runner-up, while Martin, the winner of last year, should take the Consolation.

The Foursomes found Zimmerman and Green, two steady players of the New Haven Country Club, 4 down at the turn to Jenkins and Taylor of Wee Burn, but they showed their staying qualities by coming through strong, and finally winning by 2 up and 1 to play.

The last day proved to be, instead of an anti-climax, the most interesting of all. The team match was contested by six teams, and resulted in the following scores, giving the victory to the New Haven Country Club: New Haven 1077, Orford 1080, Fairfield 1096, Brooklawn 1103, Wee Burn 1107, Hartford 1117.

Orford led at the end of the morning round, with Fairfield second and New Haven third. But the home players improved to such an extent in the afternoon as to succeed in winning the match by three strokes, as above stated. The team was made up of Beach, Green, Zimmerman, White, Stoddard and Stokes. The Orford team, which secured second place, was made up of the six Cheneys. WALTER CAMP.

THE NAVAL MANOEUVRES AT NANTUCKET

(SEE PAGE 7)

THE naval manoeuvres at Nantucket, Massachusetts, just completed by the North Atlantic Squadron, were very interesting. Rear-Admiral Higginson sailed from Newport July 5 with the three battleships of his squadron—the *Kearsarge*, *Alabama* and *Massachusetts*. Several days later an anchorage was made off a narrow neck of land at the northeastern end of Nantucket. The work of preparing the camp was continued under the searchlights of the battleships, and at eleven o'clock Camp Higginson was established and fully equipped for actual warfare. After guns from the battleships had been landed and installed the sailors returned to their respective ships, leaving the marines, under command of Captain C. G. Long, to complete and defend the camp, upon which several attempts were made by the sailors. A gun-cotton mine containing thirty-five pounds of the deadly explosive was buried in the centre of an open bit of sand across which invaders from the south would be compelled to pass. The latter weapon of defence was not intended for use save as a triumphant proof of what lay in wait for an adventuresome enemy—who, however, neglected to come.

One of the important problems to be solved during the manoeuvres was the possibility of adequately and quickly protecting an open channel with the new naval mines. Several spherical tanks, each containing more than two hundred pounds of wet gun-cotton, were planted midway between the ships and the shore and fired by electricity. The resultant upheaval of water proved their efficiency. This work was done by a detachment of marines fresh from a course of study at the Newport Torpedo School.

The naval manoeuvres of the squadron, although successful in the working out of land-defence problems, were seriously impeded by the uncertain weather experienced during the week, and camp was broken several days before the date originally set by Admiral Higginson.



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THE ETERNAL CITY

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16)

little domesticities of intimate life about an empty soup dish, a cruet-stand, a spoon, and a glass. He had a face of great sweetness and spirituality, and as Roma reached he bent his head and smiled a friendly smile. She knelt and kissed his forehead, and continued to kneel by his chair, putting one hand on the arm. He placed his own mitted hand over her hand and gazed it tenderly, while he looked into her eyes.

"My daughter," he said, "Father Pifferi has spoken about you, and by your permission, as I understand it, he has repeated the story and told him. You have suffered and you have my sympathy. And though you are not among the number of my children, yet I send for you that as an old man to a young woman by God's grace I might strengthen you and support you. You must not let the world weaken you, my child, or cause you to give way to doubts about the validity or legality of your marriage. Whether it is a good marriage in effect as well as intention (one of you being still unbaptized), it is for the church, not the world, to decide. The world's judgment on a woman who has been the victim of a man is wicked and cruel. No matter what her trials and temptations have been, no matter whether her soul has consented, in the world's view a woman soiled is a woman spoiled, a woman wronged is a woman fallen. Nevertheless, there is something I wish you to do, my daughter," he said. "I wish you to tell your husband. It is the only security and the only virtue, and if you don't do it you will mortgage your future, prejudice your veracity, and do a great wrong to the beautiful spirit of your love."

"Holy Father," said Roma, "I have already told him."

"That's right, my child."

"I had done so before I spoke to Father Pifferi, but only under the disguise of another woman's story."

"And what did your husband say?"

"He said what your Holiness says; he was very charitable and noble; so I took heart and told everything."

"And what did he say then?"

A cloud crossed her face. "Holy Father, he has not yet said anything."

"Not anything?"

"He is away; he has not replied to my letter."

"Who is your father, my child?"

"My father died in banishment. He was a liberal. I'm afraid your Holiness would call him a revolutionary. He was Prince Prospero Volturno."

"As I thought. All noble minds love liberty, but in many the understanding is in conflict with the heart. Who was the other man?"

"He was a distant kinsman of my father's, and I have lately discovered that he was the principal instrument in my father's deportation. He was my guardian. A Deputy, a Minister and a great man in Italy. It is the Baron Bonanno, your Holiness. My husband is a different kind of man altogether. I came to know him by the strangest accident. He is a liberal, too, and a member of Parliament, and thinking of the corruptions of the Government, he pointed to me as the mistress of the Minister. It was not true, but I was degraded, and I set out to destroy him."

"A terrible vengeance, my child. Only the Minister could have thought of it."

"He believed everything I told him, took me flying back, and was so brave and loyal. He was like a child—he told me all his secrets. Then I found that my enemy was my friend, one of my father's friends, and a true and noble man. Holy Father, I had begun to hate him, but I could not hate him. The darkness faded away in my soul, and something bright and beautiful came in its place. I loved him. And he loved me. With all our hearts we loved each other."

"And then?"

"Then he came back to me. I knew all the secrets I had set out to learn, but I could not tell them up, and when I refused he threatened me."

"And what did you do?"

"I married my husband and withstood every temptation. It wasn't so very hard. I feared nothing for wealth and luxury. I only wanted to be good. God himself would see how good I could be."

"And was your father's friend, you tell me?"

"Yes, your Holiness, and although we met so recently I knew him in England when I was a child."

"A liberal, you say?"

"Yes, your Holiness."

"The enmity of the Minister was nothing but the fruit of political warfare?"

"Nothing but that at first, though now . . ."

"I see, I see. And the secrets you speak of . . ."

"Only the doings of twenty years ago which are dead and done with."

"Then your husband is older than you are?"

The young woman broke into a sunny smile, which set the Pope smiling.

"Only ten years older, your Holiness. He is thirty-four."

"Where does he come from, and who was his father?"

"He was born in Rome, but he does not know who his father was."

"What is he like to look upon?"

"He is like . . . I have never seen any one so like . . . will your Holiness forgive me?"

The color had mounted to her eyes, her two rows of pearly teeth seemed to be smiling, and the sunny old face of the Pope was smiling, too.

"Say what you please, my daughter."

"I have never seen any one so like the Holy Father," she said softly.

Her head was held down and there was a little nervous tremor at her heart. The Pope patted her hand affectionately.

"Have I asked you his name, my child?"

"His name is David Rossi."

The Pope rose suddenly from his seat, and for the first time his face looked dark and troubled.

"David Rossi?" he repeated, in a husky voice.

Roma began to tremble. "Yes," she faltered.

"David Rossi, the revolutionary?"

"Indeed no, your Holiness, he is not that."

"But, my child, my child, he is the founder of a revolutionary society which this very day the Holy Father has condemned."

He walked across the room, and she rose to her feet and looked after him.

"Holy Father," she said, "shall I tell you a secret? There is nobody else in the world to whom I could tell it, but I can tell it to you. My husband is now in England, organizing a great scheme among the exiles and refugees of Italy. What it is I don't know, but he has told me it will lead to the conquest of the country and the downfall of the throne. Whether it is to be a conspiracy in the ordinary sense of a constitutional plan of campaign he has not said, but everything tells me that it is directed against the politics of Rome and not against its religion, and it is intended to overthrow the King and not the Pope."

The Pope held up his hand. "Stop!" he cried. "Say no more, my child. God knows what I am to do with what you have said already. Tell me no more, my child. It is better I should not know. Pity ought to have no place in what duty tells me to do now. But I can love David Rossi for all that. I do love him. I love him as a lost and wayward son, one whose hand is raised against his Father, though he knows it not."

There was a bell button on the Pope's chair. He pressed it, and the Monsignore returned to the room without knocking. The Pope rose and took Roma's hand.

"Go in peace and with my blessing, my child. I bless you! May my Fatherly blessing keep you pure in heart, may it strengthen you in all temptations, comfort you in all trials, avert from you every evil omen, and bring you into the fold of Christ's children at the last."

The Monsignore stepped forward and signed to Roma to withdraw. She rose and left the presence chamber, stepping backward and too much moved to speak. Not until the door of the library had been closed did she realize that she was crossing the Throne Room and that the Bussolante was walking beside her.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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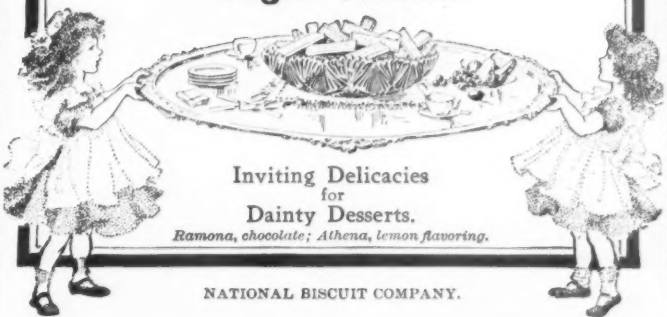
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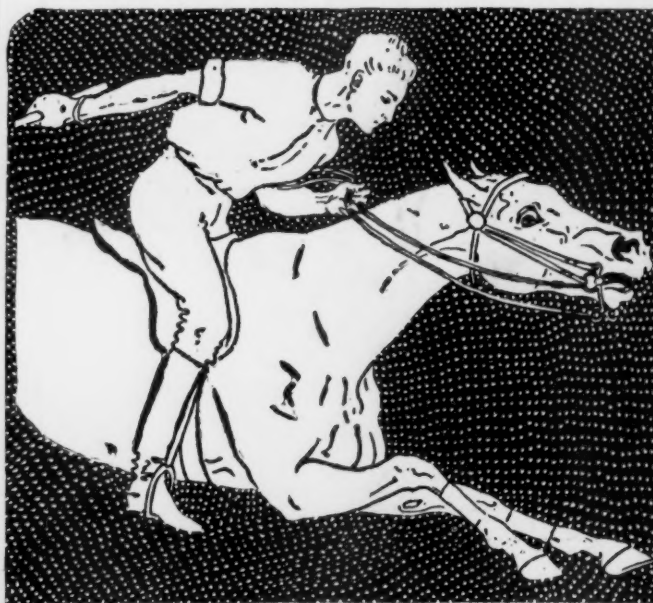
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